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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Narrative of the Surrender of Buonaparte, and of his Residence on board H. M. S. Bellerophon; with a Detail of the principal Events that occurred in that Ship, between 24th May and 8th August, 1815.* By Capt. F. L. Maitland, C. B. 8vo. pp. 248. London, 1826. Colburn.

THIS is a narrative of great historical and personal interest, and will, as far as it goes, serve as an authentic standard by which to estimate the character of Buonaparte, especially at the last pinch of his adverse fortune, as well as the characters of those who followed him at that period. The statements of a British officer and man of honour, like Captain Maitland, can be implicitly relied upon; and, were it otherwise, there is so distinct and obvious a tone of truth and candour in these pages, that, even if published anonymously, it would, we think, have carried along with it a perfect conviction of the accuracy of the facts related. At all events, this is a work which must be taken out of the common routine of modern publications. It is not the flippant novel of the day—nor the amusing travel—nor the entertaining biography, which, touching so many points and persons known to the reader, makes him, as it were, one in the book; but a production which, besides gratifying the curiosity of the passing time, must last as a memorial for future ages, and form a connecting link in those annals which transmit to posterity a knowledge of the extraordinary events which the existing generation has lived to witness. With this exordium, we shall direct attention to the principal matters recorded by Captain Maitland.

When Buonaparte fled from Paris to Rochefort, several plans of escape to America were proposed to him; but the vigilance of the British cruisers rendered them all impracticable. Among other *ruses* to mislead the latter, the commander of the Bellerophon tells us, in describing the negotiations with him—

"During the above-mentioned conversation, I asked Las Cases where Buonaparte then was? he replied, 'At Rochefort; I left him there yesterday evening.' General Lallemand then said, 'The emperor lives at the hotel in the Grand Place, and is now so popular there, that the inhabitants assemble every evening in front of the house, for the purpose of seeing him, and crying, *Vive l'Empereur!*' I then asked how long it would take to go there: Las Cases answered, 'As the tide will be against us, it will require five or six hours.'

\* Among the rest, "it was the intention of Buonaparte to escape from Rochefort in a Danish sloop, concealed in a cask stowed in the ballast, with tubes so constructed as to convey air for his breathing. The plan had been thought of, and the vessel in some measure prepared; but it was considered too hazardous: for had we detained the vessel for a day or two, he would have been obliged to make his situation known, and thereby forfeited all claims to the good treatment he hoped to insure by a voluntary surrender." It is afterwards remarked that, "had he yielded the squadron off Rochefort, there can be little doubt he would have made his voyage in safety to America."

Why these false statements were made, I cannot pretend to say; but it is very certain that Buonaparte never quitted the frigates or Isle d'Aix, after his arrival there on the 3d of July. General Lallemand took occasion to ask me if I thought there would be any risk of the people, who might accompany Buonaparte, being given up to the government of France: I replied, 'Certainly not; the British government never could think of doing so, under the circumstances contemplated in the present arrangement.'

Lallemand and Savary were, from first to last, terribly frightened for themselves; and this feeling, mixed up with their attachment to Buonaparte, rendered their situation by far the most painful of any belonging to the party, till they were sent off to Malta; but what most strikes us in the foregoing, is the unblushing falsehood of Las Cases. He, however, was not the only one of the ex-emperor's friends who displayed a due proportion of care for self, and a readiness to lie, when necessary, for the Chief. Thus Captain M. says—

"At three in the morning of the 26th of July, Captain Sartorius returned from London; having carried my despatch announcing Buonaparte's intention to embark in the Bellerophon, and brought with him orders for me to proceed to Plymouth Sound. We immediately got under weigh, accompanied by the Myrionidon and Slaney. While heaving the anchor up, Las Cases came upon deck, when I told him the ship was ordered to Plymouth, supposing, if he thought it requisite, he would acquaint his master. Soon after the ship was at sea, Madame Bertrand made her appearance, when she attacked me with some warmth for having neglected to acquaint Buonaparte with the orders I had received, and told me he was excessively offended. As she had once or twice before, when every thing did not go exactly as she wished, held the same language, I determined to ascertain whether Buonaparte had expressed any dissatisfaction, and, if so, to come to an explanation with him; as, though I was inclined to treat him with every proper consideration, it was never my intention to be looked upon as responsible to him for my movements: I therefore told Las Cases what she had said, and requested he would ascertain whether Napoleon really had felt displeased. He immediately went into the cabin, and on his return assured me that there must have been some mistake, as nothing of the kind had taken place."

The whole conduct of this dame was sufficiently *outré*, independently of the grand attempt to throw herself overboard. On this occasion Captain M. relates—

"I went into Madame Bertrand's cabin to see how she was, and found her in bed: I asked her how she could be so indiscreet as to attempt to destroy herself? 'Oh! I am driven to desperation,' she said; 'I do not know what I do; I cannot persuade my husband to remain behind, he being determined to accompany the emperor to St. Helena.' She then ran into a

great deal of abuse of Napoleon, saying, 'If his ends are served, he does not care what becomes of other people.' 'Tis true he has always given Bertrand lucrative and honourable situations, but the expense attending them is such, that it was impossible to save money; and he has never given him a grant of land, or any thing that permanently bettered our fortune.' On another occasion, she came into the cabin which I occupied when I was writing, and, after exacting a promise of secrecy towards the remainder of the suite, she entreated I would take measures to prevent her husband from accompanying Buonaparte, and begged me to write a letter in her name to Lord Keith, to induce him to interfere. I told her it would appear extremely officious in me to write on such a subject, but that any thing she chose to put on paper I would deliver to his lordship. She did write, and I carried the letter; but his lordship declined interfering, desiring me to say, he considered it the duty of every good wife to follow the fortunes of her husband. In the course of the conversation above mentioned, she became extremely warm in speaking of Napoleon, saying, 'He deserves nothing at our hands; and, indeed, there is not one of his people who would not most gladly quit him.' Whenever she became animated, she could not pass out her feelings in the French language fast enough, (though she spoke it remarkably well, having received her education partly in England,) when she had always recourse to French; and though I frequently reminded her that there was nothing but a piece of canvass between us and the ward-room, where there were generally some of the French officers, I could by no means keep her within bounds. The consequence of which was, that all she said was heard and understood by one of them. When Madame Bertrand had left me, Count Montholon requested to speak with me in private. He carried me up to his cabin on the quarter-deck, where I found Generals Gourmand and Lallemand, who told me they had been informed of what Madame Bertrand had said to me; and they requested to see me for the purpose of contradicting her assertion, that they were desirous of quitting Buonaparte: that, so far from that being the case, there was not one of them that would not follow him with pleasure wherever he might be sent, or that would not lay down his life to serve him: they also required secrecy towards the countess. I answered, 'Why really, gentlemen, this is very extraordinary; you pretend to know all that passed in a private conversation I have had with Madame Bertrand, and then to bind me to secrecy: you may depend upon it, I will enter into no such engagement until I know by what means you obtained your information.' They then told me, that one of them had been in the quarter-gallery, and overheard all she said."

Again: when Lord Keith visited the prisoner, after he "came out of the cabin, he remained some time with Buonaparte's suite, who were collected in the state room. Madame

Bertrand drew him aside, and entered into conversation with him, saying what she had repeated to me a hundred times, that it would be the height of injustice to send them to St. Helena, and endeavouring to persuade him to interfere in preventing her husband at least from going, should Napoleon be sent there.—During the whole of the 29th of July it rained incessantly, and nothing worth relating took place: the Frenchmen were deprived of their usual amusement of admiring the ladies, and being admired in return, not a boat having made its appearance. They often remarked, with the characteristic vivacity of their nation, that they were placed in the situation of *Tantalus*—so many beauties in view, without the possibility of approaching them."

But Madame B. has rather tempted us forward to anticipate the narrative, and we must fall back from the English to the French coast. On receiving Buonaparte, Captain M. states—

"I said to Monsieur Las Cases, I propose dividing the after-cabin in two, that the ladies may have the use of one part of it. 'If you allow me to give an opinion,' said he, 'the emperor will be better pleased to have the whole of the after-cabin to himself, as he is fond of walking about, and will by that means be able to take more exercise.' I answered, 'As it is my wish to treat him with every possible consideration while he is on board the ship I command, I shall make any arrangement you think will be most agreeable to him.' This is the only conversation that ever passed on the subject of the cabin; and I am the more particular in stating it, as Buonaparte has been described, in some of the public journals, as having taken possession of it in a most brutal way, saying, 'Tout ou rien pour moi'—all or nothing for me. I here, therefore, once for all, beg to state most distinctly, that, from the time of his coming on board my ship, to the period of his quitting her, his conduct was invariably that of a gentleman; and in no one instance do I recollect him to have made use of a rude expression, or to have been guilty of any kind of ill-breeding."

"On coming on board the *Bellerophon*, he was received without any of the honours generally paid to persons of high rank; the guard was drawn out on the break of the poop, but did not present arms. His majesty's government had merely given directions, in the event of his being captured, for his being removed into any one of his majesty's ships that might fall in with him; but no instructions had been given as to the light in which he was to be viewed. As it is not customary, however, on board a British ship of war, to pay any such honours before the colours are hoisted at eight o'clock in the morning, or after sunset, I made the early hour an excuse for withholding them upon this occasion."

"Buonaparte's dress was an olive-coloured great coat over a green uniform, with scarlet cape and cuffs, green lappets turned back and edged with scarlet, skirts hooked back with bugle horns embroidered in gold; plain sugar-loaf buttons and gold epaulettes; being the uniform of the *Chasseur à Cheval* of the Imperial Guard. He wore the star, or grand cross of the Legion of Honour, and the small cross of that order; the Iron Crown; and the Union, appended to the button-hole of his left lapel. He had on a small cocked hat, with a tri-coloured cockade; plain gold-hilted sword, military boots, and white waistcoat and breeches. The following day he appeared in shoes, with gold buckles, and silk stockings—

the dress he always wore afterwards while with me.

"On leaving the *Epervier*, he was cheered by her ship's company as long as the boat was within hearing; and Mr. Mott informed me that most of the officers and men had tears in their eyes."

"General Bertrand came first up the ship's side, and said to me, 'The emperor is in the boat.' He then ascended, and, when he came on the quarter-deck, pulled off his hat, and, addressing me in a firm tone of voice, said, 'I am come to throw myself on the protection of your prince and laws.' When I shewed him into the cabin, he looked round and said, 'Une belle chambre.' 'This is a handsome cabin,' I answered, 'Such as it is, sir, it is at your service while you remain on board the ship I command.' He then looked at a portrait that was hanging up, and said, 'Qui est cette jeune personne?' 'Who is that young lady?' 'My wife,' I replied. 'Ah! elle est très jeune et très jolie.' 'Ah! she is both young and pretty.' He then asked what countrywoman she was, begged to know if I had any children, and put a number of questions respecting my country, and the service I had seen. He next requested I would send for the officers, and introduce them to him; which was done, according to their rank. He asked several questions of each, as to the place of his birth, the situation he held in the ship, the length of time he had served, and the actions he had been in. He then expressed a desire to go round the ship; but, as the men had not done cleaning, I told him it was customary to clean the lower decks immediately after their breakfast, that they were then so employed, and, if he would defer visiting the ship until they had finished, he would see her to more advantage."

"At this time I proposed to him to allow me to address him in English, as I had heard he understood that language, and I had considerable difficulty in expressing myself in French. He replied in French, 'The thing is impossible; I hardly understand a word of your language;' and from the observations I had an opportunity of making afterwards, I am satisfied he made a correct statement, as, on looking into books or newspapers, he frequently asked the meaning of the most common word. He spoke his own language with a rapidity that at first made it difficult to follow him; and it was several days before I got so far accustomed to his manner of speaking, as to comprehend his meaning immediately."

"We had breakfast about nine o'clock, in the English style, consisting of tea, coffee, cold meat, &c. He did not eat much, or seem to relish it; and when, on inquiry, I found

"\* I have been induced (adds the writer) to insert Buonaparte's observation on Mrs. M.'s portrait, as well as one he made on seeing her alongside of the *Bellerophon* in Plymouth Sound, as they shew, in a strong point of view, a peculiar trait in his character—that of making a favourable impression on those with whom he conversed, by seizing every opportunity of saying what he considered would be pleasing and flattering to their feelings." The other incident alluded to is thus described—when at Plymouth:—"In the afternoon Sir Richard and Lady Strachan, accompanied by Mrs. Maitland, came alongside the ship. Buonaparte was walking the deck, and, when I told him my wife was in the boat, he went to the gang-way, pulled off his hat, and asked her if she would not come up and visit him. She shook her head; and I informed him that my orders were so positive, I could not even allow her to come on board. He answered, 'C'est dur ça.' 'That is very hard.' And addressing himself to her, 'Milord Keith est un peu trop sévère; n'est-ce pas, madame?' 'Lord Keith is a little too severe; is he not, madam?' He then said to me, 'Ma foi, son portrait ne le flatte pas; elle est encore plus jolie que lui.' 'I assure you his portrait is not flattering; she is handsomer than it is.'"

he was accustomed to have a hot meal in the morning, I immediately ordered my steward to allow his maitre d'hôtel to give directions, that he might invariably be served in the manner he had been used to do; and after that we always lived in the French fashion, as far I could effect that object."

"During breakfast he asked many questions about English customs, saying, 'I must now learn to conform myself to them, as I shall probably pass the remainder of my life in England.'"

"When dinner was announced, Buonaparte, viewing himself as a royal personage, which he continued to do while on board the *Bellerophon*, and which, under the circumstances, I considered it would have been both ungracious and uncalled for in me to have disputed, led the way into the dining-room. He seated himself in the centre at one side of the table, requesting Sir Henry Hotham to sit at his right hand, and Madame Bertrand on his left. For that day I sat as usual at the head of the table; but on the following day, and every other, whilst Buonaparte remained on board, I sat by his request at his right hand, and General Bertrand took the top. Two of the ward-room officers dined daily at the table, by invitation from Buonaparte, conveyed through Count Bertrand.—He conversed a great deal, and shewed no depression of spirits: among other things, he asked me where I was born. I told him in Scotland. 'Have you any property there?' said he. 'No, I am a younger brother, and they do not bestow much on people of that description in Scotland.' 'Is your elder brother a lord?' 'No, Lord Lauderdale is the head of our family.' 'Ah! you are a relation of Lord Lauderdale's! he is an acquaintance of mine; he was sent ambassador from your King to me, when Mr. Fox was prime minister: had Mr. Fox lived, it never would have come to this, but his death put an end to all hopes of peace. Milord Lauderdale est un bon garçon,' adding, 'I think you resemble him a little, though he is dark, and you are fair.'"

[This is a startling political confession.] When Buonaparte visited the *Superb*, he expressed a wish to go through the ship; and did so, accompanied by several of his own men, the admiral, Captain Senhouse, and myself. The men were drawn up at divisions, and every thing was in the nicest order. He appeared much pleased with all he saw, and drew many comparisons between French and English ships of war. On going through the wings and store-rooms, he said to General Savary, 'Our ships have nothing of this sort:' who answered, 'All the new ones, built at Antwerp, were constructed on this plan.' When he returned to the quarter-deck, he questioned the admiral and myself very minutely about the clothing and victualling of the seamen. It was then, on being told that all that department was under the charge of the purser, he said in a facetious way, 'Je crois que c'est quelquefois chez vous, comme chez nous, le commissaire est un peu coquin.' 'I believe it happens sometimes with you, as it does with us, that the purser is a little of a rogue.' This was addressed to the admiral and me, with whom he was conversing, and not to the people, as has been represented; nor was there a man that could have understood it, as it was spoken in French, and not within their hearing. He asked to see the chaplain, put a few questions to him as to the number of Catholics and foreigners in the ship, and whether any of them spoke the French language. A Guernsey man



was pointed out to him, but he had no conversation with him.—He was then shewn into the cabin, where breakfast was prepared; during which meal he talked a good deal, but ate little, the breakfast being served in the English manner. I observed, during the whole time of breakfast, that Colonel Planaat, who was much attached to him, and of whom Buonaparte always expressed himself in terms of affection, had tears running down his cheeks, and seemed greatly distressed at the situation of his master. And, from the opportunities I afterwards had of observing this young man's character, I feel convinced he had a strong personal attachment to Buonaparte; and this, indeed, as far as I could judge, was the case also with all his other attendants, without exception.

"During the time—(adds the author, speaking of their sailing from off Rochefort)—we were heaving the anchor up, and setting the sails, Buonaparte remained on the break of the poop, and was very inquisitive about what was going on. He observed, 'Your method of performing this manoeuvre is quite different from the French'; and added, 'what I admire most in your ship, is the extreme silence and orderly conduct of your men: on board a French ship, every one calls and gives orders, and they gabble like so many geese.' Previous to his quitting the Bellerophon he made the same remark, saying, 'There has been less noise in this ship, where there are six hundred men, during the whole of the time I have been in her, than there was on board the Epervier, with only one hundred, in the passage from Isle d'Aix to Basque Roads.' He remained upon deck all the time the ship was beating out of the Pertuis d'Antioche. Having cleared the Chasseron shoal about six P.M., dinner was served. He conversed a great deal at table, and seemed in very good spirits; told several anecdotes of himself; among others, one relating to Sir Sydney Smith. Knowing that I had served under that officer on the coast of Syria, he turned to me and said, 'Did Sir Sydney Smith ever tell you the cause of his quarrel with me?' I answered he had not. 'Then,' said he, 'I will. When the French army was before St. Jean d'Acre, he had a paper privately distributed among the officers and soldiers, tending to induce them to revolt and quit me; on which I issued a proclamation, denouncing the English commanding officer as a madman, and prohibiting all intercourse with him. This nettled Sir Sydney so much, that he sent me a challenge to meet him in single combat on the beach at Caiffa. My reply was, that when Marlborough appeared for that purpose, I should be at his service; but I had other duties to fulfil besides fighting a duel with an English commodore.' He pursued the subject of Syria, and said, patting me (who was sitting next him) on the head, 'If it had not been for you English, I should have been emperor of the East; but wherever there is water to float a ship, we are sure to find you in our way.'—[Another trap-compliment.]

"On the 29th a conversation took place between Madame Bertrand and myself, about Buonaparte's voyage to Elba. She asked me if I was acquainted with Captain Usher. On my answering in the negative, she said, 'The emperor is very fond of him; he gave him his portrait set with diamonds, and has another which he intends for you.' I replied, 'I hope not, as I cannot accept of it. Captain Usher's situation and mine were very different, and what might be proper in him would not be so in me.' She rejoined, 'If you do

not accept of it, you will offend him very much.' 'If that is the case,' I said, 'I shall be obliged to you to take steps to prevent its being offered, as I wish to save him the mortification, and myself the pain, of a refusal; and I feel it absolutely impossible, situated as I am, to take a present from him.' \*

"Sunday, the 23d of July, we passed very near to Ushant: the day was fine, and Buonaparte remained upon deck great part of the morning. He cast many a melancholy look at the coast of France, but made few observations on it. He asked several questions about the coast of England; whether it was safe to approach, its distance, and the part we were likely to make. About eight in the evening the high land of Dartmoor was discovered, when I went into the cabin and told him of it. I found him in a flannel dressing-gown, nearly undressed, and preparing to go to bed. He put on his great-coat, came out upon deck, and remained some time looking at the land; asking its distance from Torbay, and the probable time of our arrival there.

"At day-break of the 24th of July, we were close off Dartmouth. Count Bertrand went into the cabin, and informed Buonaparte of it, who came upon deck about half-past four, and remained on the poop until the ship anchored in Torbay. He talked with admiration of the boldness of the coast, saying, 'You have in that respect a great advantage over France, which is surrounded by rocks and dangers.' On opening Torbay, he was much struck with the beauty of the scenery, and exclaimed, 'What a beautiful country! it very much resembles the bay of Porto Ferrajo, in Elba.'

"At dinner he conversed as usual, was inquisitive about the kinds of fish produced on the coast of England, and ate part of a turbot that was at table with much relish. He then spoke of the character of the fishermen and boatmen on our coast, saying, 'They are generally smugglers as well as fishermen; at one time a great many of them were in my pay, for the purpose of obtaining intelligence, bringing money over to France, and assisting prisoners of war to escape. They even offered, for a large sum of money, to seize the person of Louis, and deliver him into my hands; but as they could not guarantee the preservation of his life, I would not give my consent to the measure.'"

"We have extracted and put together these incidents, which, we think, cannot fail to possess a very strong degree of interest with the public generally; though some of them have been partially (others differently) stated before. But the most trifling actions and expressions of such a man as Buonaparte, who had filled so wonderful a part, and who was placed under such circumstances of reverse, cannot cease to excite great attention, and must always be well worthy of the consideration of mankind. The skill with which Napoleon adapted himself to every diversity of situation, is finely illustrated by his conduct on board of the Bellerophon:—the judicious but hardly perceptible union which he laid to the mind of every one who approached him, from the captain to the cabin-boy, winning them to his favour, is a remarkable proof of his talents and superiority of tact: for, after all, it is a superiority which enables great men to bend and subdue all inferior natures to their own ends. We talk of this or that person's power of fascination;—the power is that which strong minds always possess over weak ones; and we cannot help seeing this in a curious light, when we throw into one focus

these various rays of Buonaparte's genius.—Of the remaining story, we must defer the conclusion till next week.

*William Douglas; or, The Scottish Exiles.* A Historical Novel. 12mo. 3 vols. Edinburgh, 1826. Oliver and Boyd.

WHATEVER defects the mere novel-reader may lay to the charge of these volumes, we are sure that they will generally be received as presenting a carefully painted and elaborate picture of Scottish manners and feelings during the remarkable period which their details embrace—namely, the concluding years of the reign of James II. and the important epoch of the Revolution. The re-establishment of Presbytery in Scotland by that event, is hailed by the author as a most glorious triumph of principles; and from this fact the gist of his work may be conceived without our going at length into the contests between cavalier and covenant, episcopalian and calvinist, licentious curate and stern field-preacher, disciplined dragoon and sturdy malignant, of which the narration is composed. The aim of the writer has evidently not been only to amuse: his story is made the vehicle for many arguments and discourses to inculcate those political, moral, and religious doctrines which were maintained by the insurgent population of the country at the era in question; and in delineating that age he has softened down the harsher traits of "the crushed and abused, but high-minded sons of the covenant," considering it to be improper in any man to "exhibit to the merriment of the thoughtless and profane, the distorted forms of free-born men writhing under the scourge of persecution, or their features rendered hideous by the tortures of a tyrant's rack." From these expressions, and this mode of viewing the subject, the author's aims and partialities may be imagined; and we have only to say that he has displayed very considerable abilities in the work before us,—which, though anonymously published, we more than suspect to be the composition of no inexperienced or unsuccessful hand. The chief characters in the book are well sustained; and in some of them we recognise real historical personages, while others, more the creation of the author, are made the actors of things which really happened. Thus it may be, that true history is not perverted by fiction, though fiction assumes its colours. To shew what we mean, and at the same time to give an example of *William Douglas*, we shall select one extract, which describes a meeting called by a humane officer of the royal army, to collect a fine on the district where he had been quartered and rather courteously entertained.

"Forshaw was up betimes on the morning of the appointed meeting, and when he approached the church he rejoiced to see that his summons was obeyed. The people were already collected in little groups in the churchyard, or approaching rapidly in different directions. They saluted him respectfully as he passed into the barn-like building, which was dignified with the name of the house of God, and crowding after him, took their seats with quiet decency. The young ensign stated, in few and simple words, the object of the meeting, and concluded by pressing on them energetically the propriety of their paying the amercement without unnecessary delay, and without resistance. 'Take the honest advice of a friend,' concluded he. 'In calling this meeting—an unusual step as you know—I have not consulted my own advantage, but



yours. Had I chosen to act like some others, there are not wanting personal inducements to such a course. I would thus have commended myself to my superiors by appearing zealous in my master's service, and have filled my pockets with riding-pay—an exaction which custom sanctions and government connives at, and which, I presume, you are too well acquainted with to relish. But to such a method I will never resort, unless you compel me. I feel for you; and, if I could, would lighten, not augment, your sufferings.—'We a' gie you credit for that, Captain Forshaw,' cried a man from the crowd, whose face he recognised as one he had sometimes seen at the cottage. 'There hasna been a cavalier amang us, since years and years afore the bloody day o' Bothwell, that has borne himsel' sae kindly to us as yoursel'. Na, we need look nae farther than our neighbour parishins e'ennow—what ram-paging's gangin on there!—I'm sure we canna be owre thankfu' to a kind Providence for sending you amang us. But I kenna what to say aboot this new fleecing that they're gieing us. Some o' us ha'na a belly-fou o' meat to gie to our ain bairns, and it's hard, please your honour—unco hard, to sell the very bed frae aneath a sick mother, aiblins, to put into the pockets.—But I'll haud my tongue.'—'Ye say true, Sandy Donaldson!' cried another, in a less temperate tone. 'It canna be done. They hae drained us already to the very dregs,—and a' for what?—just because we ha'na liberty o' conscience to be content to hae the flock tentit by thae dumb dogs that canna lark, or to tak' the word o' life frae them that gang themself's in the way o' death, or to hear the message o' the prince o' darkness, instead o' the message o' Him that's the light o' the world. Sic fines and penalties are contrair to baith right and religion, and in my weak judgment, if we could pay them, we should-na pay them without a down-right compulsion. It's a sinful compliance.'—'Na, na, we dinna gang wi' ye there,' cried several voices at once, 'the civil magistrate maun be obeyed in a' civil affairs where he's backed by the law.'—'Law! I kenna what ye ca' law now-a-days,' retorted the other; 'and as for the civil magistrate, when he ceases to be a terror to evil doers, and a praise and protection.'—'What is this I hear?' interrupted the Laird of Mabiecleugh. 'Did we come together to publish our divisions in the enemy's face? If you down the authority of our governors, it behoves this meeting to disown you. The passions set to work by the oppressions of these evil times, are begetting a wild and extravagant spirit, which I fear the covenant may yet have cause to rue more than all the malice of her avowed foes—a spirit equally abhorrent to the meek and lowly temper of the Master we serve, and to the principles and practice of our forefathers. Christians must be subject to the powers that be, in things purely civil, not only for wrath, but for conscience sake. So says the great Apostle of the Gentiles; and so says also our national covenant. And though, to be sure, this has its limitations even in civil things, we must never lose sight of the principle. I ask, then, who in this assembly supports the unchristian opinions we have just heard? If there be any such, I renounce him. I have neither part nor lot with him. Let him stand forth manifest, that we may clear ourselves in this affair, and that the loyal may be separated from the disloyal, even as chaff is sifted from the wheat.'—'Na, ca' na him disloyal,' exclaimed a commanding figure, who bolted up

in the farther end of the church, and stretching his long arm towards Mabiecleugh, and sawing the air with his open hand, put himself in an oratorical attitude, while his words came forth with a strange, unnatural, and half-smothered intonation, as if speaking, or rather singing, from the depths of his belly. 'Ca' na' him disloyal wha wrestles in prayer for the king as weel as for the kirk, and seeks the king's good by obtesting against the defections o' magistrates, wherefrom spring the defections o' the people. Ca' na' him disloyal, I say, wha wrestles daily for the king, that he and his subjects may be led by grace—nought else but grace 'ill do'to—keep the Covenant they hae mutually sworn wi' hands raised to the throne of Heaven. Ca' na' him disloyal wha has bent his neck to the yoke till it's like to break, though he winces when he finds the growing burden crushing him to the grund. Ca' na' sic a' ane disloyal, though he hasna freedom to pay cess and fine to a covenant-breaking king, and a prelatical faction. Ca' na' sic a' ane disloyal, though he bears his testimony against tyrannical and Erastian usurpation over the kingly power o' Him that is Lord and King o' his ain kirk. Think ye that we wadna drain the last drop o' our heart's bluid in the king's service, if he wad only be to us what he canna but be without being man-sworn? Or think ye that the first o' a' loyalty is na due to the King o' kings?—There was something in the appearance and manner of this speaker that forcibly arrested Forshaw's attention. He was of a ruddy complexion, which, as he spoke, was heightened to a fiery red; while a profusion of fair hair, flowing in natural curls about his neck, and partly covering a high and ample forehead, gave a youthfulness and peculiarity to his look, which scarcely seemed to correspond with the energy of his elocution, or the boldness of his expressions. 'He is one of their popular preachers, doubtless,' said he to himself, 'and he wants not eloquence or enthusiasm to lead the hearts of the multitude.' But he had no time to pursue his reflections, for he was startled by a voice from an opposite quarter, which a rapid glance discovered to be that of Patrickson, who exclaimed in a tone full of earnestness and significance.—'Richard Cameron, you know not the mischief ye are doing. He that sows the seeds of dissension will reap a harvest of blood.'—'I must needs speak as it is given me,' replied the other, his eyes rolling wildly in their sockets, and sparkling with preternatural excitement. 'If bluid follow, let it be on the heads o' them that drive us to desperation, and on the heads o' the Erastian temporisers that leave us in the day o' trial. If you and the like of you wad stick by us in our necessities, our hands would be strong,—whereas now they are weak through defection.'—'It is you that winna stick by us—no us by you,' cried one of the crowd, whilst a murmur of approbation showed that the sentiment was general.—'Banded not accusations, my friends,' said Patrickson. 'The beginning of strife is as the letting out of waters; but a soft word turneth away wrath, and blessed are the peace-makers. Why are we met? Not, surely, to bay at each other like angry curs, but to ward off a greater calamity by submitting to a less. By peaceably paying the fines imposed by government, we compromise no principle, and violate no duty. If these fines are imposed unjustly, the sin is not ours, but theirs. Let us shew our comparative indifference for the paltry dross which they wring from us, by throwing

it in their face. It is in the cause of principle and of duty—in the cause of God and conscience alone, that a man should set his face as a flint. With regard to the perishing things of earth, the Scripture rule is, 'If a man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also.'—'It's easy for you to talk about gieing peaceably, that live at ease in a bien house,' cried the other, bitterly; 'but hae ye nae pity for them that hae nought left frae the grasping and crushing hand of the persecutor to gie, and that maun be dragged to prison and leave their wives and bairns on the wide world, houseless and unfed? Hae ye nae pity for the poor inter-communed fugitives, whose life is in their hand, and wha maun see the last morsel o' bread torn by this new oppression frae the mouths o' them that had the grace and the boldness to shelter them, and to save them frae starvation?'—'It is hard, but remediless,' said Patrickson,—'remediless at least by opposition, which would certainly increase the evil—not lighten it. Let us not think at present of our own private wrongs, but of the public good, to consult which we are assembled. In private, Richard, I will gladly speak with you on these matters. At present to business.'—The commanding way in which the pedagogue spoke, and the deference with which he was listened to, was not unmarked by the young officer. Except the two individuals who protested against any arrangement, on the plea of sinful compliance—one of whom was the zealot whose name was afterwards given to a sect still in existence—all the rest of the meeting seemed to look up to Patrickson as their leader, and to acquiesce implicitly in his advice. These two malcontents retired in disgust, while the others proceeded, in the spirit of amity and brotherly love, to take the list of fines under their consideration, and to make a new apportionment of them according to the known ability of each individual to pay; for they had been imposed by a very different rule, or rather by no rule at all, save the caprice or ill-will of the curate and his scanty adherents.—While they were thus engaged, who should stagger in at the door but Burness himself.

This is the profligate curate who has given the information which led to levying the fine: but we cannot enter into the story at all—our quotation is a very distinct emblem of the whole; and if not too saturnine for a novel, readers who relish works of this class will find it still more gratifying in other respects. Tremaine has almost rivalled Waverley in popularity in this southern part of the kingdom; and we dare say that William Douglas will equally make good his station with our Presbyterian friends in the north. Nobody reads, and of course nobody writes, homilies now-a-days.—In 1827 we shall see the *Whole Duty of Man* and *Paul's Epistles* in the shape of 3 vols. 12mo.

*L'Art de Conserver les Substances Alimentaires, &c. The Art of Preserving Alimentary Substances, Solid and Liquid.* By T. C. Leuchs. Translated from the German of A. Bulos. 1 vol. 12mo. Paris, 1826.

CRITICS are frequently accused of reviewing works they never read. It is all nonsense; you might as well accuse a man of digesting a dinner he had never eaten. Now, for instance, how could we quote "chapter and verse" from M. Leuchs, unless we had read him; and how could we explain what would "puzzle a conjuror," if we had not profoundly meditated on his wonderful work?

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Next to the difficulty of procuring aliments, is that of preserving them; for though "a man may not marry his grandmother," he is, by the Code Napoleon, bound to provide her with *aliments*; hence the dire necessity of laying in a stock for a winter's day. And of what use will it be your laying in a stock of aliments, unless you can preserve them sweet? *ergo*, a work which teaches such saving knowledge must be invaluable. M. Leuchs has for this purpose read a multitude of books, and consulted a multitude of old women, and has condensed the whole stock of information thus obtained into a duodecimo. Condensation is, indeed, a natural faculty in M. Leuchs, for he has condensed the whole of Buffon into eight loosely-printed pages, which is a prodigious economy of time as well as of money. Science does not remain stationary with M. Leuchs; he has discovered that stones are *not* minerals (p. 1); that man grows faster, and decays quicker, than a mountain of granite, which is a solid truth; that pride, or love, discovered the art of embalming, and necessity, that of preserving wood from putrefaction, ships from the voracity of insects, and our apparel from moths.

The work is divided into four books. In the first is taught a description of the operations the most proper for preserving *alimentary* substances, and prolonging their duration; in which is comprised the ancient and modern art of embalming!—Book 2d. Preservation of *alimentary* substances, of the first necessity. This, of course, includes wood, lobsters, dregs, grafts, and stocks, paper and brandy, bread and books, prints and potatoes, meat and manuscripts.—Book 3d. Places and utensils proper for preserving substances.—Book 4th. The theory of the whole.

Before we go any further, it is expedient that we should kill two birds with one stone—justify the author, and refute a vulgar error. "Theory and practice" roll as glibly off the tongue as bread and butter from a child, or cheese and ale from a Welchman. This is wrong; it ought to be in the order planned by M. Leuchs,—*practice and theory*. The law we maintain to be immutable, and we have for it the authority of Virgil: his *felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas*, decides the question. He was not such a dolt as to say, happy is he who from causes can trace effects, but, who from effects can ascend to their causes, or the *theory*. Was it *theory* which discovered the polarisation of the magnetic needle? Would Newton have discovered the laws of gravitation, if the apple had not fallen on his nose; or would Watt have ruined himself and friends before he completed his steam-engine? If *theory* could be relied on, we should have no false speculations. It was *theory* which induced the old woman to boil her tea like a cabbage, and throw away the water. We laugh at the dreams of a *theorist*, but respect a practical man. We therefore maintain, against all comers, that our author is right in putting, what the unthinking reader would term, the cart before the horse.

There is another preliminary objection to be got over; and here we shall shew, that what the million might consider as funny mistakes, are, on the contrary, striking proofs of the profound erudition of our author. For instance, some would contend that Egyptian mummies are not aliments. Have we not hundreds of examples of man becoming food for man, in some countries where it is regarded as a religious duty to eat a dead relation? We are persuaded we need say no more on this head, to prove the learning and correctness of our

author. In like manner, it will not be difficult to prove that wood, grafts, stocks, paper, books, &c., are all *aliments*.

In the first place, aliment comes from *alimentum*, which comes from *alere*, to nourish: we will say nothing of Trajan's *alimentarii*. There are always two meanings to a word, the literal and the metaphorical; and unless an author expressly designates which he intends, he has a right to whichever suits him best. Now if the wood of a tree were not *preserved*, would it bear fruit? would a graft take if it were not preserved? This wood and this graft being preserved produce fruit, *alere*, to nourish. This is equally true of paper and books, which, it is well known, nourish the mind and body of thousands, ay, myriads. *Ex gr.*—the *Literary Gazette* is an aliment to all concerned with its publication; it then becomes aliment to its readers; and even this article will prove an aliment. Besides, the same Greek word signifies food for the body and the mind, *τροφή*—and we may here remark the great superiority of M. Leuchs over all lexicographers. There is not one of them who ever surmised that *trophy* meant *aliment*; yet, what greater trophy can be shewn than *aliments*, as they make a complete triumph over the great enemy *want*. And what, then, can be more praiseworthy than to communicate the means of preserving such trophies?

Having now defended our author against the attacks of hypercriticism, proceed we to extracts from the work, as the best means of shewing its importance.

His nomenclature of substances, and the means of preserving them, is immense; we shall merely cite a few of the more curious.

"*To preserve Butter*.—Melt, skim, and pass it through linen; when cold, salt it, and it will taste like *hog's-lard*! Or, mix 2 lb. of salt, 1 lb. of saltpetre, and 1 lb. of sugar, with 12 lb. of butter."

"*Beef*.—Wash it, and put it in strong vinegar, or cook it, and rub it with pulverised juniper-berries, rosemary, marjorum, laurel-leaves, and salt; then baste it with vinegar and wine." The taste of the beef is lost by this method; but if it loses one flavour, it gains a dozen others—and an exchange is no robbery.

"*Tea*.—Put an ounce of tea in a bottle of boiling water; let it boil six minutes, it will keep several months, and is very convenient for travellers.—an ounce of tea taking up more room, of course, than a bottle of "tea-water."

"*Embalming*.—We only find in Greek and Roman cenotaphs dust and decomposed bones." Let it not be supposed that M. Leuchs does not know that cenotaph is derived from *κνωτός*, empty, and *τάφος*, a tomb; and that consequently, cenotaphs are monuments erected in one place, to the memory of a person whose remains lie in another, and that they were first erected in Greece to honour the memory of warriors who had fallen in a foreign land. If M. Leuchs had not known this, he would have told us so. His silence is, therefore, a convincing proof that when he speaks of cenotaphs containing dust and decomposed bones, he means to imprint the moral lesson, that all, even a cenotaph, is *emptiness* and *vanity*.

"*To fine and preserve Beer*.—Take an ounce of hartshorn, isinglass, calve's-foot or bone jelly, white of egg, milk or blood; heat it with two quarts of beer, and pour all into the barrel. The beer becomes *less nourishing*, but keeps better."

We trust our readers have admitted, without our pointing it out, the great variety of substances which answer the same end, and the profound discovery of the author, that an ounce of isinglass, milk, or blood, all possess equal quantities of gelatine. An Englishman would not have made such a discovery in a thousand years!

M. Leuchs proves he is a *cordon bleu* in cookery by the composition of his *soup*. "Six pounds of beef, four calves' feet, four pounds of mutton, sixty cockchafers, four pigeons, salt, juniper-berries, rosemary, and other aromatic herbs." He seasons another soup with pimento, cloves, ginger, and rosemary. Read these receipts, Dr. Kitchiner, and hide your diminished head!

M. Leuchs gives several receipts for preserving milk; take the best. "Put two spoonfuls of distilled horse-radish-water to a quart of milk; it will keep from turning sour six or seven days. Perfume the dairies once a week with *wormwood*." (p. 250.)

"*Eggs*.—To preserve an egg, give it a coat of varnish, (Penny's body varnish is best), or one coat of oil paint would, *perhaps*, be sufficient." (p. 267.)

"*Bread*.—Scald the flour, dry it, and add for each quarter loaf a bottle of lavender water, or pure brandy, and a small dose of magnesia."

"*Brandy*.—Napoleon had reason to exclaim, "Ships, colonies, and commerce!" M. Leuchs tells us, "if brandy be kept carefully *twenty-five years* it will be as good as *rum*." (p. 275.) Long life, then, to the colonies where we can get rum easier than brandy! M. L. also tells us, that good brandy will keep; but that brandy and water will not. It is on this account, no doubt, that it is always drank as soon as made.

"*Live Fish*.—We have heard of *drinking like a fish*; but never heard of a fish being drunk. Thou wilt perhaps say, gentle reader, that it is an *odd fish*: listen, and, if thou lovest long life, take to dram-drinking. "If you would keep a fish out of water alive for twelve days, steep the crumb of bread in brandy, and thrust it into the gullet of the fish; then pour a glass of brandy into its mouth, wrap it up carefully in straw, and it will lie *dead drunk* for a fortnight: when you wish to make it sober, put it into water, and in a few hours it will be itself again." (p. 281.) This receipt, excellent as it is, we apprehend not to be original, as it has long been well known, that dragging a man dead drunk through a fish-pond will bring him to his senses. M. Leuchs has, however, the merit of a new application of the principle—which we recommend to all sprat-catchers.

"*To preserve Seeds*.—Mix them with black currants; if the seeds be too dry, the currants will yield them moisture; if too moist, they will relieve them of it." What a good-natured fruit! and yet the English have no more heart than a stone, and boil them to death in a plum-pudding!

"*Feal*.—Iron filings, brimstone, and oil, will preserve it from putrefaction three weeks." (p. 308.)

"A pound of meat may be kept sweet a fortnight if immersed in a quart of cream, and changed every day." (p. 310.) Thus a pound of meat may be kept sweet at the small expense of fourteen quarts of cream!

"*How to preserve a Cherry*.—Thanks to M. Leuchs, one may now make two bites of a cherry at six months' distance. "Take a cherry and plunge it over head and ears in melted bees'-wax, or give it a complete coating of melted wax with a brush; then wrap it in

sawdust, and lay it in a cool place. (p. 227.) *Nota bene*—a gooseberry may be preserved by the same easy process."

These specimens of the art of preserving alimentary substances give us a high idea of the author's skill: some of his receipts will make a new era in cooking; and we shall, no doubt, see on the tables of our nobility, next winter, a loin of veal swimming in a rich sauce of iron filings, oil, and brimstone. What a dish for an epicure! and what a theme for the Committee of Taste! as it opens an entirely new field for the *science de la guele*.

The author has only omitted, as far as we can recollect, one subject—the art of preserving his own work from oblivion. As this has doubtless arisen from modesty, we have felt it our duty, in gratitude for the pleasure and the information it has afforded us, to supply the desideratum, and confer on it a merited immortality, by this notice in the *Literary Gazette*.

#### *Swan's Voyages, &c.*

We hasten to finish in this Number of our *Gazette*, the Review begun in our last, of this various publication. Continuing his remarks, the author gives us some literary news. He says—

"A wet morning reminds me of one or two curious volumes which I picked up during our last visit to Malta. The first is in Latin, and has the following copious title-page, 'The Sacred History of the Terrestrial Paradise, and of the most holy state of Innocence: in which is described, I. The Terrestrial Paradise: II. The most blessed Life of Adam and Eve in the Garden: III. The most felicitous state of their Posterity, if their original Uprightness had remained: IV. The Temptation, Sin, Judgment, and Punishment, of our first Parents: Lastly, the wretched Life which for a long time they dragged on even in Sleep. Collected from Scriptures, Councils, and Fathers, from Theological, Rabbinical, Historical, Chronological, and Geographical Expositions, &c. By Augustine Inveges, Priest.' It was published at Palermo in 1649. Among other curiosities, it may be thought worthy of mention, that the first age of the world was constantly in the habit of bringing two and three children into the world at a time; 'ob corporis molem, copiosos humores, et sic providente Deo humani generis multiplicationi.' But how many children were our first parents blessed with in the whole period of their long life? This is not quite clear; but Epiphanius says twelve sons and two daughters, Sava and Azura; the former of whom was the wife of Cain, and the latter of Seth. However, Philo Amianus asserts that they had thirteen sons and five daughters, whose names he also puts on record. Cedrenus, again, affirms that Adam left thirty-three sons and twenty-seven daughters, but he cannot give us their names. And if, as Moses assures us, Adam lived 930, and Eve, as we have shewn above, 949 years, it is not to be doubted but that, in the course of such a life, they had a much greater number of both sexes. Eve weaned her children when they were twelve years old;—so saith Cedrenus. She also brought forth twins annually, a male and a female: consequently, in the thirteenth year of the world, she had twenty-four children, twelve males and twelve females, to all of whom it is certain that she gave suck. But how could a single mother provide for nearly two dozen babes at the same time, and with her own milk alone? Verily, it is worth a marvel.

Salianus, however, thinks that, for the purpose of supplying nutriment to so many infants, either Eve had a supernatural copiousness of milk, or that it was furnished directly from heaven. Or even that Adam himself, solicitous to obtain milk enough for his offspring, drew it from the udders of his goats and his cattle.

—*Here's no foolery!* If human wit cannot employ itself better than in speculations and deductions of such a nature, the sooner mankind convert the world into one huge asylum for lunatics, the happier will it be for them. And yet the work in question displays prodigious reading of a particular description, some shrewd conjectures, and not unfrequently a sly smile at the credulity and uncontrolled fancies of others."

Throughout his work, Mr. Swan finds a number of mistatements in Dr. Clarke's celebrated *Travels*, and contradicts him, from ocular inspection, on several occasions. Thus, at the Grotto of Antiparos, he says,—"The grotto itself is assuredly a surprising natural curiosity; but here again I must be permitted to reprobate the delusive colouring which Dr. Clarke has thrown over his descriptions. 'The roof, the floor, the sides of a whole series of magnificent caverns, are entirely invested with dazzling incrustation, as white as snow.' So says this traveller, though he afterwards observes, with some appearance of forgetfulness, that it is sullied 'by the smoke of torches, or by the hands of intruders.'

"We were most of us disappointed; and it is the effect of language like the above to produce disappointment. Yet the cavern is a beautiful thing; and to those who have seen nothing of the kind superior to the mines of Castleton, in Derbyshire, (which was my case) it must be an object of interest. You descend by means of ropes attached to large pieces of stalactite, not without some difficulty and danger. The intense darkness, rendered even yet more bewildering by the faint glimmer of lights below and above, united to your entire ignorance of the footing and the nature of the descent, may produce some apprehension. Part of the way is entirely perpendicular, and for this they have provided a rope-ladder. The first entrance into the cavern presents a row of stalactite, exactly resembling a tattered curtain a little drawn; and the dimness and height favour the deception. Every where hang huge masses of one shape or other: those from the roof are principally pointed, with a drop of clear water appended. On the lower parts arise pillars, rounded at the top like a pine-apple, and fretted in a similar manner. In some places the stalactite has partitioned off a portion of the cavern, making cells, whose roofs became ornamented with a broad and sloping stalagmite, something of the pattern of a fish's fin. We fired a couple of ship's blue lights from one of the higher parts of the cavern. The effect was uncommonly fine. They shewed the whole place to perfection, and gave a magnificent tinge to the opaque bodies of the pendent stalactites. I brought off several specimens.

"In this cavern, A.D. 1673, according to M. Tournefort, the Marquis de Nointel, French Ambassador at the Porte, had the folly or the vanity to continue 'the three Christmas holidays.' He caused high mass to be celebrated upon a piece of stalactite, which still retains the name of the altar. 'Men were posted from space to space, in every precipice from the altar to the opening of the cavern, who gave the signal with their handkerchiefs when the body of our Lord was lifted up. At this

signal, fire was put to twenty-four drakes, and to several patereroes that were at the entrance of the cavern: the trumpets, hautbois, fife, and violins, made the consecration yet more magnificent.' The Frenchman left upon his altar a Latin inscription, purporting that CHRIST himself was virtually present there on His natal day,—'a striking example,' as Dr. Clarke justly remarks, 'of the Roman Catholic faith, as to the miraculous presence of the MESSIAH in the consecrated wafer.'

"Various parts of the different stalactites are described with names. Amongst others, some one has commemorated his own descent, and that of 'sa chère et incomparable femme.' I forgot the date, with every other particular. They ought indeed to have been recorded, for the special example and encouragement of other tender souls.

"We applied to the English consul for information relative to the quarries. There are two; and he stated the smaller one to be an hour's journey from Parechin, but the larger one three. To the last it was, therefore, impossible to proceed; and the other was the more important, because of an ancient *basso relievo* which it contained. Thither, accordingly, we went, through a well-cultivated country, abounding in vineyards, corn, olive and fig-trees. We proceeded along the verge of a hill for some distance, and the valley beneath was truly beautiful. As we drew near the quarry, every wall was of marble, and it was with extreme pleasure that we arrived at length at the source of it. We were all weary, and had still a long way to ride. I, for my part, was suffering grievously.

"On entering the quarry, which, from its appearance, must have been excavated by the light of the lamp, we found it tinged by time with a red ochreous colour; but internally of a beautiful white. The marks of the axes were distinct upon certain parts of the marble, and it bore altogether an original and antique air. The *basso relievo* was at the farther end. It represents an image of Silenus, (which is mentioned by Phiny as having been a *lusus nature*, accidentally discovered while cutting the marble), with a number of satyrs and dancing girls. A Greek inscription beneath, records that it was dedicated by Adamas Odryses to the nymphs. It is extremely curious, though the workmanship is rough."

Mr. Swan gives a grievous account of the Greek jealousies and internal feuds. Odysseus was, it seems, destroyed by a stratagem of his rival Goura, who, when he was imprisoned, "let down a rope before the window of his prison, and the unhappy man, supposing it furnished by friends without, in aid of his escape, seized it and descended. Goura, as they report, watched his motions, and no sooner had the prisoner trusted to the appearance than the other cut the rope. Ulysses fell and was killed." It was the sister of this leader to whom Mr. Trelawny united himself; and of these parties, the author's details are at once curious and revolting. Of Mr. T. he says—

"In truth, that person requires some palliating circumstance to lighten the huge mass of obloquy which attaches itself to his public and private character. If one half of what is circulated respecting him be true, (of which I pretend not to judge), his conscience must be callous indeed, if it remain at rest beneath it: his heart must be black as it is bold, and unfeeling as it is adventurous! His wife is a little girl, certainly of not more than thirteen or fourteen years of age, of pretty features, but impressed with a deep shade of melancholy."



"Trelawny has just related an anecdote of his late friend and brother Odysseus; an anecdote which, while it justifies his attachment, is a striking evidence of the sort of delicacy and good feeling which influence the heart and character of the English adventurer!!! Odysseus was desirous of intriguing with a certain woman, and in endeavouring to accomplish his object, met with some obstruction from a person who had an affection for her. He was remarkably handsome; Trelawny says he never beheld a finer looking man. This poor wretch, by some mischance, afterwards fell into the hands of Odysseus. He flew upon him, seized him by the throat, and bound him to a tree; he unsheathed his ataghan, and in a few moments literally hacked him to pieces! Such a relation, proceeding from the mouth of one so lately connected with him by the closest ties that can bind humanity, needs not any further comment: it speaks with a louder voice than the strongest reprobation could express. "A story equally barbarous is told by the same person of Gouira; but it is of too gross a description to be related here. Trelawny speaks well only of such persons as Fenton, Whitcombe, and Co.; and he is, or in all human probability soon will be, one of those unhappy and pitiable beings 'whose hand is against every man, and every man's hand against him.'"

On the murder of Odysseus, and the attempt to assassinate this Trelawny by Fenton and Whitcombe, it is mentioned:

"A mode of communication with Fenton, &c. before the attempt in the cave, was as follows. Odysseus was to be taken off; if the scheme succeeded, they were to be apprised of it by receiving half a lemon; if otherwise, a whole one; and then the assassination of Trelawny was to take place. They received half a lemon! The object of the proceeding was to secure the treasures, ammunition, provisions, &c. which have been deposited in the cave to a large amount. But report, as usual, has magnified them far beyond reality. The wife of Odysseus, with ten or twelve of his most faithful retainers, are yet in possession of the cave, which is carefully watched by Gouira. He will probably become possessed of it, by some means or other, ere long."

"Mrs. Trelawny tells marvellous stories. One day, when she had mentioned an incredible circumstance, and doubt being expressed as to its veracity, she said, 'it was no wonder, her family were noted for lying. Her father, and mother, and grandfather, were prodigious liars!'

"After Lord John Churchill's imprudent conduct at Athens, Odysseus became irritated at Trelawny, and determined to break off the connexion they were on the point of completing. Upon which he entered the apartment of Mrs. Trelawny with a little dog in his hand, and told her that she might, if she would, make a husband out of that, for that she should never marry Trelawny. 'I burst into tears,' said the lady, 'and cried as much as that thing full,'—pointing to a large goblet on the table. How much this is like a child weeping for the loss of a new toy!

"He said once, quite seriously, that he had married her for convenience; and when he was weary, he should leave her. At another time she protested, that if he ever assumed a European dress, she would not stay with him. But she certainly appears much attached, though, I believe, fears him."

"On the death of Lord Byron, Trelawny searched his papers. Some of Lady Byron's

letters he brought away, and read them the other day publicly in Captain Hamilton's cabin, at the same time stating, with the utmost effrontery, how he had obtained them!

"Nothing is more curious than an assertion made by Trelawny, relative to the pirates with whom the boats of the Cambrian had so bloody a contest. They were in the pay of Odysseus and himself, and were sent out by them to cruise, with instructions not to be particular with regard to any flag but the English!!"

At one period a party from the ships were sent inland on a mission to Ibrahim Pasha; and the following occur, among other interesting particulars, between Tripolitza and Mistra.

"Dead horses marked, at short intervals, the advance of the Turks; and after we had passed a singularly wild and dangerous pass, called Krevatakani, the ancient scene of the marauding expeditions of Colocotroni and his companion Zacharopoulos, a vast number of dead goats, sheep, oxen, and horses, shewed the wanton and impolitic mode of Egyptian warfare. Upwards of a hundred goats and sheep were flung into a large ditch; others were strewn over every part of a wide space, mangled in the most disgusting way. A fine cow had been killed and skinned, and the luxuriant vagabonds had carved off a single steak from the rump, and surrendered the rest to the vultures! Some animals were roasted whole, half eaten, and left. Indeed, the way from hence to Mistra was a most hideous spectacle, and offensive to more organs than one."

"On reaching Bruliah, a point of our descent toward Mistra, the whole range of Taygetus—now called Pendedactylon (five-fingers), whose summits we had perceived for some time—opened upon us with surprising magnificence. A deep ravine, close by, lined with olive-trees, led to an opposite mountain, on which, immediately after our appearance, we heard signal guns fired, one by one, along the whole line of the station. We were again beset by the Greeks, who skipped like goats over the rocks. Twenty or thirty presently surrounded us; and after chattering at a great rate for some time, hearing and imparting news, and examining the pass of Pietro Bey, we were permitted to proceed, saluted with the mountain farewell, *kallé*. From this place we observed Mistra; but we saw with regret that the town was smoking in a variety of places. The way conducted us through many beautiful valleys, ornamented, as well as the higher regions, with olive-trees. Lanes of the laurel rose were intermingled with a multiplicity of flowering shrubs, and watered by fine streams. We presently crossed the celebrated Eurotas, (*Basileus Horapodis*), the 'King of Rivers,' once covered with swans, and worshipped by the Spartans as a god; but now shallow and muddy, and neglected. The late rains had caused it to swell, and it ran at this time very rapidly. An hour and a half's ride from Mistra, and on the right of Sparta, we passed the brick pier of a double arch, formerly an aqueduct, and constructed, probably, by some of the Roman emperors. In the same line we also distinguished a ruined gateway. Sparta is close by; the ground over which we passed was, perhaps, part of it. We observed on our left the walls of an acropolis, or of a temple, dedicated, possibly, to Jupiter Acraeus. As we drew near to Mistra, fire broke from the houses, but not a soul was visible. A few Greeks, attracted by the hope of collecting what had not yet perished, appeared afterwards. We entered the town, and

beheld the flames all around us; household utensils broken and scattered in every direction. Nothing, in short, could equal the desolation, or the interest which it excited. In one place a cat remained the only inhabitant; in another, a dog barked at us as we passed, resolved to have the usual gratification of its spleen, though it sounded over the ruined hearth, and the broken shrine of domestic happiness."

"'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark  
Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home!"

"But what a different feeling must have arisen in the mind of the owner of one of these burnt dwellings, when he returned to witness the wreck of his comforts and the destruction of his property! The Greeks before mentioned conducted us to a house yet untouched, although surrounded by flames. Here we slept, expecting indeed to have been aroused in the night; but the escape was so easy, that we had no apprehension of the consequence. Ibrahim left Mistra, in the state I have described, only this morning. He has gone forward burning and destroying: we shall follow, and be eyewitnesses of the devastations he has caused."

"We travelled through groves of olives and mulberries at the foot of Mount Taygetus. After a while the country assumed the appearance of nicely arranged shrubberies, all the plants usually seen in English pleasure-grounds being found indigenous here: but, in fact, the prospect was for ever varying. Near the foot a small river, or rather brook, lay an Arab soldier, apparently dying from fatigue. We gave him water and a little bread, and being unable to render any further assistance, left him to his fate. Above the hill, of which the stream just spoken of formed the base, we found a village on fire, called Dakne, (Sir W. Gell calls it *Daphne*), and a second, further on to the right, termed Allovosvan. Here we overtook another Arab; but no persuasion could induce him to answer our questions; either fear or disease, probably both, rendered him pertinaciously silent. I say both, because a Piedmontese physician at Tripolitza informed us, that the Arabs devoured such quantities of grapes, and drank so much water, as to bring on the dysentery, of which great numbers had died. Not long after our encounter with the Arab, we observed the naked carcass of a Greek, mangled in a most shocking manner by the vultures, of which numbers were sailing about ~~our path~~. Descending a steep hill called *Eilade*, which overlooks the plain of Helos and the sea, including a distant view of Cerigo, we overtook some stragglers from the Pacha's army—the poorest wretches imaginable, all shreds and patches. On the plain half a dozen villages were smoking: the conflagration had been spread in every direction. A large flame broke out from a plot of reeds as we passed; and men were just ready to apply fresh fire to hedger formed of dry leaves. A little after, we observed a column of the army moving to the left, and we immediately took a similar direction, supposing it the main body of Ibrahim's troops. It proved, however, to be a detachment under the command of Hussein Pacha. As we advanced, several heavy guns were fired, and presently several mules, bearing a number of dead and wounded, attended by a guard of soldiers, approached us. We took our station on a rising ground, which commanded the sea and the troops of the Pacha moving along the brow of an eminence in front. The firing still continued, and several dead men, bound upon the backs of mules, passed close to us. At the same moment, a ball which appeared to have scaled the surface of the post chosen by the

Egyptian troops, fell within forty or fifty yards from our party. They now formed into a square, and moved a small distance down the side of the height, so as to have the ridge between them and the enemy, and then appeared to be retreating. We could perceive a mistleco lying at anchor close to the shore, keeping up a brisk fire; there were, at the same time, several discharges of musketry from men who had landed. The object of the Turks was to take possession of two small castles, each containing a garrison of two hundred and fifty soldiers. A body of men who were now leisurely passing us on their return, we obtained as a guard. They were organised Arabs, and their captain carried a thick stick in his hand to drive them forward; this he applied with apparent good will to the shoulders of any stragglers from the company. When we reached the main camp, which might be four miles from the place of action, such a scene of confusion displayed itself as I had never before witnessed. Miserable-looking beings were every where stretched upon the ground, oppressed by extreme fatigue; while the whole character of what passed reminded me of nothing so much as the turbulences, without the merriment, of an English fair. There was but one tent in the plain; and thus their ragged, wretched bodies were exposed to the burning heats of noon, except in chases where olive-trees supplied a shade; but the greater part of the army were entirely deprived of such protection. The most fortunate had stationed themselves on the banks of a beautiful river or stream (the Eurotas), which was full of excellent water, and as clear as crystal, broad, but shallow. We were conducted by the Arab guard, who attempted, most unsuccessfully, as it appeared to me, a regular march, to the cottage in which Ibrahim Pacha, pipe in hand, was couched. He is a stout, broad, brown-faced, vulgar-looking man, thirty-five or forty years of age, marked strongly with the small pox. His countenance possesses little to engage; but when he speaks, which he does with considerable energy and fluency, it becomes animated and rather striking. He frequently accompanies his words with a long drawing cry, which to European ears sounds ridiculously enough. His manner carries with it that sort of decision which is perhaps the common appanage of despotism: deprived of this, he would resemble an uneducated, hard-favoured seaman of our own country; and I think I have somewhere seen his exact counterpart—but it may be merely fancy. He was plainly clothed for a Turk; and his camp establishment altogether had none of that parade and luxury which we are accustomed to attach to eastern warfare."

With this picture, our bounds warn us it is time to conclude; and we have only to add, that a translated Essay on the Fanariotes, which occupies a considerable portion of the last volume, throws great light on the affairs of Greece, Moldavia, and Wallachia. It is a paper which deserves much attention at a period when the latter provinces assume so much political interest, and is as amusing historically as it is valuable in other respects.

#### Reynolds's Memoirs, &c.

[Third Notice.]

HAVING already, in two Numbers, possessed our readers with the character of this good-humoured, amusing, and anecdotal work, we should not deem it fair to extend our analysis to a much greater length, though we are sadly tempted thereto by its pleasantries and playful-

ness. Our levies shall, therefore, now be made rather on the shortest matters which have struck us during the perusal as good specimens of the author, than on the equally good but more extended parts, which cannot fail to be very popularly entertaining in the volumes themselves. We will begin with a Parisian valet's opinion of British royalty some thirty years before the British army was seen within the walls of the French capital.

"Remarking to La Fleur, that this palace was far larger and more splendid than ours of St. James's, he replied with a naïveté that expressed a perfect conviction of my unavoidable concurrence in his assertion:—*'Ah oui, monsieur, les petits rois doivent avoir les petits palais; mais le grand roi—O mon Dieu!'*"

The following whimsical address, from a dramatic novice sending in his piece, shews that men sometimes also form erroneous opinions the other way: it was—

"To the Right Honourable

Lord Har-

Theatre Royal,

Covent Garden."

"Mr. Sayre informed me, that, a few years previously to this period, he had seen the royal family of France dine in public. The crowd of idolaters, who flocked to pay their court to the youthful and fascinating daughter of Maria Theresa, was so great, that the saloon became almost insupportable from the heat; the queen was nearly fainting, and those who attempted being unable to open the windows, Louis the Sixteenth ordered them to be broken; and instantly hundreds of panes of the most costly plate glass were shattered into fragments, in the eagerness of giving air to a queen whose breath that very people afterwards terminated, with frantic gratification, on a scaffold!"

In 1785, Mr. Reynolds's first play, *Werter*, was brought out at Bath with great success, and he gives us a most laughable account of his agitations and hopes, and of the whole circumstances which attended this important event.

"As Dr. Johnson," says he, "is reported to have dressed himself in a gold-laced waistcoat, and other decorations, on the first performance of his tragedy of *Irene*, I thought, though one of the *minores poete*, I was yet bound to attempt some little display on the first performance of mine. I was therefore conveyed in a sedan chair even to the very door of the green-room, where I got out in a dress of which, though I cannot now detail the component parts, I can very well remember it was as a whole a perfect failure. Not finding myself sufficiently noticed by the company, I

"An action of gallantry once offered to majesty, which reduces the above almost below the level of common courtesy, was that I once heard from an old American gentleman, and which is too appropriate to the present context to be omitted here. It related to an officer of the household of an Indian queen, who, superior to the *grace* and restraints of our straight-laced European decorum, instead of concealing the graces of nature under a bathing-dress, used constantly, in conjunction with her blackest and most favourite nymphs of honour (when at a distance from the short most convenient for the observations of her loving subject II), to plunge into the sea out of a twelve-oared barge, filled with all the male fashion and beauty of the court. One day when, like a porpoise, she had sufficiently spouted, tossed, and tumbled, she was swimming towards her boat, when a hungry shark appeared in rapid chase after this luxurious banquet of imperial beauty. The queen shrieked, and exerted her utmost speed; her attendants roared, the sharks pursued, gained way, and was about to spring; but, at that very moment, when her preservation appeared beyond the reach of human power, with an address and presence of mind not to be sufficiently extolled, the above-mentioned officer cast a little page, wand, dress of state and all, between the queen and the enemy. The *monarque* was finished in a moment, but that moment saved her majesty. The gallant officer was made grand chamberlain, and, to gratify the wishes of the poor little page, his brother, who made a very great man, and escaped from attending the queen on her days of bathing."

indignantly withdrew, and peeped through the hole in the green curtain, with the intent of noticing the audience. To my infinite gratification, I beheld the house crammed to the ceiling; and by the number of white handkerchiefs spread on the fronts of the boxes, in imitation of a similar ceremony which was regularly performed during the Siddons mania, I guessed that fashion had prejudged *Werter*; and was even induced to hope that, amongst the worshippers of this popular name, a contest might arise as to which should render him or herself most conspicuous in the various arduous arts of clapping, weeping, and fainting."

"The actor who played *Sebastian*, stared, started, and paused, as if his memory had been playing the traitor to him. The frantic *Charlotte*, with the view of screening him from detection, or of recalling his recollection, seized him by the arm, and in a tone of agony exclaimed,

"Fly, lose not a moment—suicide!"

"Heavens!" replied *Sebastian*, in a most evident state of confusion; and then added,

"I'm rooted here, and have not power to stir!"

As he thus spoke, he crossed *Charlotte*, and made as rapid an exit as ever was witnessed on any stage. The circumstance of this actor being a comedian, and rarely employed in tragedy, gave, if possible, additional zest to the sudden roars and confusion which now ensued. For a short time, the ardour of our predetermined admirers received a check; but, towards the close, fashion again carried all before it. On the death of *Werter*, and the madness of *Charlotte*, the curtain dropped amidst thunders of applause, and the play was announced for repetition on the ensuing evening, with "*Nem. con. egad!*" I need not remind the theatrical reader that, though we fortunately survived the effects of the above ludicrous exit, it had very nearly laid the foundation for a second death for *Werter* at the close of the last act, and a first and final death for the whole remainder of the characters. It is almost impossible for a dramatist to reflect on the infinite number of fortunate causes which must conjoin, or rather, of unlucky events, that must not occur, to insure the success of his piece. The hanging of a box door has often engulfed the most admirable witicism in its noise of horror; an inch of gauze or silk absent without leave from the corsage of an indecorous "*Entreteneur*," attracting the turbulent and dissonant reprehension of the moral galleries, has ruthlessly marred the effects of a whole scene of polished hexameters and poetical imagery; and a north-east wind, through its subservient coughs, catarrhs, and deflections, has often commenced, and continued its outrages on harmony and taste during the finest cadenza of the most brilliant bravura.—Dramatists, dramatists, on this latter grievance (I speak from sad experience), produce your plays in summer, autumn, winter, if you will; but—beware the ices of March! Independently, however, of errors in actors, an author is frequently indebted to his own incidents for his failure; which, though perhaps good in themselves, unfortunately allowing of a double interpretation, afford the malicious or witty part of the audience opportunities for a dangerous misapplication or allusion. Many are aware of the incident that occurred during the first representation of Voltaire's *Marianne*, which had proceeded with every mark of approbation to the middle of the fifth act, when the heroine takes poison. During this operation, a wag exclaiming, with assumed astonishment, "*ma foi, the queen drinks*," converted the whole



pathos into burlesque, and the piece concluded amidst hisses, laughter, and execrations. Another cause of failure is somewhere related, where the two heroes of a tragedy agreeing to divide the kingdom between them, a stentorian voice from the gallery exclaimed:—'Then there's half-a-crown a-piece for you, my boys!' But a more ludicrous perversion than either of the above, in my opinion, was that which I myself witnessed during the first performance of a play called, to the best of my recollection, *The Captives*. In the fifth act, a character, named *Rhyno*, rushed on the stage, declaring to the hero, 'My lord, the citadel is taken!' while we, the audience, had no idea that there was either a war, or even a pretence for one. The person addressed, after commanding various military manoeuvres, and reciting an invocation to Mars, turned towards *Rhyno*, exclaiming with chivalrous enthusiasm—

'Charge, then charge!  
Now—art thou ready, *Rhyno*?'

The laugh which followed this pecuniary interrogation scarcely subsided after the falling of the curtain.

There is much drolling in these descriptions, upon which we are sorry the rule laid down for this review prevents us from entering.

*Eloisa*, his next and last tragic attempt, returned him eight pounds; which Macklin told him graciously was "very good pay too," and bid him "go home and write two more tragedies; and if you gain four pounds by each of them, why, young man, the author of *Paradise Lost* will be a fool to you." His many popular comedies and other dramas were infinitely more productive; though Mr. R. seems to have a horrible aversion to being considered (what most people wish to be thought) rich.—But we revert to anecdotes. At a rehearsal, the late Duke of Cumberland (then a great theatrical amateur) attended, accompanied by an old colonel, whose name I cannot now recollect. The carpenters were all engaged that morning in setting the platform for the storming of Jerusalem, the grand event of the piece; consequently, there was no scenery on the stage. The dukes, who evidently had expected a grand display, expressed his surprise and disappointment at seeing only a wide waste; when one of the stage carpenters, a simple but efficient fellow, advancing towards his Royal Highness, told him, with great humility, that as the flats (a part of the scenery) and the corresponding side-pieces could not be set, owing to the platform, he hoped that he and his friend would condescend to "imagine them in their respective situations." "I don't understand," exclaimed the duke and the colonel together. "Don't you?" rejoined the green-out man; "then, with your Royal Highness and the other gentleman's permission, I will explain my meaning." When ceremoniously conducting them to the back of the stage, and stationing himself at the side, with great self-sufficiency, he said, "There! now please your Royal Highness, look! I am the side-scene, and you are the pair of flats. Now you understand?" Every body, even the duke and the colonel, enjoyed heartily the unintentional allusion.

At the performance, "during Mrs. Billington's *bravura* in the last act, Mr. Billington, her husband, who was seated in the orchestra, conceiving that the trumpeter did not accompany her with sufficient force, frequently called to him, in a subdued tone, 'Louder, louder!!' The leader of the band, being of a similar opinion to Mr. Billington's, repeated the same command so often, that at length the indig-

nant German, in an agony of passion and exhaustion, threw down his trumpet, and turning towards the audience, violently exclaimed, 'It be very easy to cry, *Louder! louder!*—but, by gar! *vere is de vind?*'"

Extracts from a journal.

Mét also a free-and-easy actor, who told me he had passed three festive days at the seat of the Marquis and Marchioness of —, without any invitation, convinced (as proved to be the case) that, my lord and my lady not being on speaking terms, each would suppose the other had asked him.

Accompanied Mrs. Wells, the leading stage beauty, to Sir Joshua Reynolds's, who, smiling, asserted that he was not only a painter, but a dentist; 'for see, sir,' he continued, 'how well I draw teeth.'—Q? can this be new? Menn, my dentist's incident. Catching lover hid under sofa, in his wife's boudoir. 'Rascal! what brought you here?' 'Why—whence!—the toothach, to be sure!' 'Sit down, and we will see,' and then jealousy cooled love by the extraction of three sound teeth.

Andrews being unwell, and ergo somewhat irritable, Merry told him that he received illness not as a misfortune, but as an affront. Kemble not so amusing as before; no man, indeed, pleasant under the dominion of wine. He abused nobody, however; only praised himself: and heard Merry whisper me, 'I would go barefoot to Holyhead and back, only to see a fellow one-half so clever as he thinks himself.' Colman, as usual, playful and entertaining. Another guest, in the midst of this 'chaos come again,' constantly amused himself after every glass by repeating—

'Who is a mail of words and deeds?  
Who!—but his grace the Duke of Leeds.'

Andrews, from anxiety, equally civil to every body. Topham (after many of his neat repartees) fast asleep; but occasionally awakened by the noise, yawning and muttering.—'Reynolds is a humourist, not a wit—yav! yav! I am a wit!' then relapsing into his slumber. At twelve, all rose and retired, excepting Kemble, who exclaimed, 'Stop, some of ye! I see this is the last time I shall be invited to this house, so now I will make the most of it! Here, more coffee! more wine!' I was flying, but Andrews detained me, saying, 'Leave me alone with this tiresome tragedian, my dear sir, and you shall never be asked again!' More influenced by sheer charity than by the threat, I consented to stay; and not till ten the following morning did the curtain drop; Kemble, the whole time, lauding the classical drama, and attacking modern comedy.

Old Mr. Reynolds tells a story "of a King's Bench prisoner, who, when he got a rule for the day, always passed the whole of it in the Fleet."

Wilkes had a villa in the Isle of Wight, and the author, on a visit, says—

"Observing that I admired his numerous collection of pigeons, he described to me the difficulty he had experienced in his attempts to make them stay with him. Every bird that he had procured from England, Ireland, and France, having flown back to its native land the moment the latch was raised, he was about to abandon his scheme as impracticable. 'When,' he continued, 'I bestowed myself to procure a cock and hen pouster from Scotland; I need not add, that they never returned.'"

The lady who lived with Wilkes was "nearly as plain as Wilkes himself; so, though a happy, they certainly could not be called a handsome

couple. After dinner, the servant brought in various London papers and publications, in one of which were bantering allusions to the worthy alderman and his heautensous *cara sposa* :—

'Ah, sure a pair was never seen  
So justly form'd to meet by nature.'

"His remark on the circumstance was very apt. 'You see, madam, the most censorious cannot say there is any difference between us.'"

No man ever better loved his friend, his joke, and his bottle, than the Duke of Richmond, "jocularly offering as his excuse for the latter propensity, 'That when a man had once had too much, he could never have enough.'"

One night, during the performance of the *Mysteries of the Castle*, Mr. R. relates the following *bon mot* :—

"Expressing my surprise at the uncommon thinness of the house to Morton, I added, 'I suppose it is owing to the war.' 'No,' he replied, 'it is owing to the piece.'"

"I again dined at the Old Beef-Steak Club, where I was invited by my friend Serjeant Bolton, the recorder of the club, who had then lately fought his duel with Lord Londsdale, in which he had not only been nearly shot by his antagonist (the ball grazing his ear), but the worthy serjeant had nearly shot himself. Having very gallantly received his lordship's fire, he was proceeding to return it, when his pistol accidentally going off, as he raised it to take aim, the ball carried off the top of his pointed shoe, just touching the foot; a circumstance which he used to describe with much humour, adding—

'I see I am no serjeant at arms.'"

"Conversing about dramatic literature, Sheridan furnished us with some particulars relative to the first night's performance of *The Rivals*. During the violent opposition in the fifth act, an apple hitting Lee, who performed Sir Lucius O'Trigger, he stepped forward, and with a genuine rich brogue, angrily cried out, 'By the pow'r's! is it personal? is it me, or the matter?'"

Of Curran we are told—

"To repeat any of this celebrated wit's stories is a hazardous task, on account of the notoriety usually attached to them; however, I will venture one. A garrulous gentleman having, during a whole evening, interrupted Curran and the rest of the company with dull, incongruous stories, at length, unable to proceed beyond the middle of one of them, continued to repeat, 'And so—and so—and so, and so it being dark, Sir John said—no, the cook said—so—' 'Stop, sir,' impatiently cried Curran, 'I will finish your story for you. So—they wanted a rushlight! and so—the great she-bear was walking about the town—so, he popped his head into the barber's shop, and said, 'What no soap?'—so—he died—she married the barber—the powder flew out of the counsellor's wig, and all Mrs. Mac Dab's puddings were spoiled—and so—so!—that's all!' The unfortunate buffo to whom this *coup de grace* was addressed, seemed at first doubtful whether quietly to receive or violently to resent it. He stared, looked fierce, looked bewildered, but never spoke more during that evening."

But one of the most piquant anecdotes in these memoirs—at least, one which has amused us most—is the following, with which we shall now close, reserving about a *Literary Gazette* page of our entertaining companion for next Saturday.

"That a father's is a very bad part, may be proved, amongst other instances, by the affi-

davit of the Irishman, who, swearing the peace against his three sons, thus concluded:— and this deponent further saith, that the only one of his children who shewed him any real filial affection, was his youngest son, Lary, for he never struck him when he was down."

*Mrs. Radcliffe's Posthumous Romance.*  
[Second Notice.]

THE metrical tale of *St. Alban's Abbey* is the poem which Sir Walter Scott (in his Essay on the genius of Mrs. Radcliffe, prefixed to one of the volumes of Ballantyne's Novelist,) expressed so ardent a desire to see. He had been informed of its existence by some publisher in the city, who had a few years ago negotiated for it; and we hope, now that it has seen the light, Sir Walter's anticipation of its excellence may be verified. For ourselves, we are inclined to think it is too diffuse, and too much overlaid with a display of antiquarian knowledge, no less in respect of the main subject (the wars of York and Lancaster) than in the topographical history of St. Albans. This, however, may only render it more attractive to some readers, while all will coincide in admiring the deep beauty of the episode,—in which a wife is depicted wandering at midnight, in disguise, about the solemn aisles and cells of the Abbey, seeking the corpse of her husband among the dead bodies deposited in that holy place after the battle. Her lord, however, had not been slain, as she was taught to believe, but was concealed in the same place, on an errand resembling that of his wife; namely, an endeavour to ascertain whether his father, who also had been engaged in the battle, was alive or dead. The meeting of these three dear relatives, after a night of agony, during which they had beheld many strange and awful sights, is described in the best manner of the author. The whole of the episode indeed is finely told, and greatly surpasses, in every kind of interest, the main story to which it is appended.

The second of the poems in length and in talent, is called *Stonehenge*. It details, with earnest imagination, which seems almost awed by its own wonders, a history of the old Runic superstitions connected with the marvellous stones on Salisbury Plain, and interweaves with this a more modern tradition touching the building of Salisbury Cathedral. Nothing, as it appears to us, could be better adapted to the genius of Mrs. Radcliffe than this subject; it is wild—wonderful—connected with the great scenes of external nature—superstitious—religious. We subjoin a fine passage from the exordium.

"Near unto the western strand  
Lies a tract of sullen land,  
Spreading 'neath the setting light,  
Spreading miles and miles around,  
Which for ages still has frowned:  
Be the sun all wintry white,  
Or glowing in his summer ray—  
Comes he with morning smile so bright,  
Or sinks in evening peace away—  
Yet still that land shews no delight!

"There no forest-leaves are seen,  
Yellow corn, nor meadow green,  
Glancing casement, gray-moss'd roof,  
Rain and hail and tempest proof;  
Nor peering o'er that desery ground,  
Is spied along the horizon's bound  
The distant vane of village spire,  
Nor far-off smoke from lone inn fire,  
Where weary traveller might rest  
With blazing hearth and brown ale blest.  
Potent the long night to beguile,  
While loud without raves the bleak wind:  
No—his dark way he there must shivering find:  
No signs of rest upon the wide waste mile.

"But the land lies in grievous sweep  
Of hills not lofty, vales not deep;  
Or endless plains, where the traveller fears  
No human voice shall reach his ears;

Where faintest peal of unknown bells  
Never along the lone gale swells;  
Till, folding his flock, some shepherd appear,  
And Salisbury steeple its crest uprear;  
But that's o'er miles yet many to tell,  
O'er many a hollow—many a swell;  
And that shepherd sees it, now here, now there,  
Like a Will-o'-the-wisp in the evening air,  
As his way winds over each hill and dell,  
Where once the ban of the Wizard fell!"

We should be glad if our room allowed us to speak of the Minor Poems; but our principal business, in this second notice, is with the Memoir and the extracts from the author's Diary. Her character, as it appears in the former, was of a very singular description, and included much of what we cannot but characterise as affected and ungrateful to HIM who had been pleased to confer upon her such splendid intellectual gifts. She was ashamed, (yes, *ashamed*) of her own talents; and was ready to sink in the earth at the bare suspicion of any one taking her for an author; her chief ambition being to be thought a lady! This poor sort of vanity was reprehended in Congreve; but it was far more consistent with the mind of a writer of sparkling comedies about artificial life, than with the "great Enchantress of Udolpho," who has been eloquently described as holding "lone and unquestioned supremacy over the region of Romance, which was first disclosed at her bidding." It is a sad balm to the mind to imagine this extraordinary authoress, during the creation of her works, suddenly alarmed by a knock at the door, and hiding her admired pages, as if they were the spoils of theft, that nothing might interfere with her appearance as a gentlewoman, according to the most established rules. To belong to the glorious assembly dignified by the names of Homer, Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare, Ariosto, Tasso, Spencer, and Milton, is nothing: but to be equal to one's neighbours in the estimation of a committee of old women of quality, and, above all, not to be suspected of authorship, is the very summit of human felicity. One thing, at any rate, might be safely inferred from this, namely, the absurdity of the rumour which described Mrs. Radcliffe as having been driven into insanity by her own terrors. This is, moreover, abundantly disproved in the Memoir, in which it is shewn that her mind was always in a state of perfect complacency and equipoise; as might, indeed, have been guessed from the excessive formality of her heroines.

The Memoir is altogether very interesting, and includes passages of criticism which remind one of some of the fine things in the writings of Burke. The extracts, too, from her own journals, are of high value, and remarkable for truth and beauty of description. They were written during her little excursions of pleasure to different parts of England—such as the towns and coast of Kent, Portsmouth, Winchester, the Isle of Wight, Lymington, Southampton, the Malvern Hills, and Salisbury; the Mansions of Arundel, Warwick, Knole, Penshurst, Blenheim, Belvedere, &c. of the interiors of which, she has given minute accounts, including criticisms on their collections of pictures. We subjoin one or two specimens.

*Scenes in Warwick Castle.*—"After leaving the great hall, went, on the left, into the chapel—a plain, memorable chapel, lined with oak; then to the armoury, a long, narrow gallery, or rather a suite of narrow rooms, communicating by small Gothic doorways, and extending, perhaps, nearly the whole length of the castle, with tall windows of painted glass, bowing out into the court of the castle. The walls of this armoury were covered with weapons of various kinds and sizes, from the

Indian war-spear to the Highland dirk, with a knife and fork tucked into the same sheath. But what struck me most was near the end of the gallery (when it makes a sudden turn into the tower that terminates the castle), where appeared before me a broad, yet dark staircase of oak, and at the foot of it, as if guarding the passage, a large figure in complete armour, the beaver down, and a sword in its hand! The general twilight, with the last western gleam breaking through the painted window at the foot of the staircase, and touching the bronze, gave full effect to this scene, and heightened the obscurity of the stairs in perspective. This armour came from Germany; our conductor knew no more. Saw the brass coat, shot-proof, worn by Lord Brooke when he was shot in the eye during his attack upon Lichfield Cathedral. On the opposite side, a complete suit of black armour, the knees with projecting points: could learn nothing of its history. Left the building with regret. Paused again in the court to admire the beautiful lofty acacias, and other noble trees surrounding the lawn, and the most majestic towers forming the grand front. The octagon tower, rising in the angle of the walls near the house-door, the most beautiful, as far as regards proportion; the one nearest the house the most venerable and warlike. Near the summit, an embattled overhanging gallery, where formerly, no doubt, sentinels used to pace during the night, looked down upon the walls of the castle, the rivers and the country far and wide, received the watch-word from the sentinel perched in the little watch-tower, higher still and seeing farther in the moonlight, and repeated it to the soldiers on guard on the walls and gates below. Before those great gates, and underneath these towers, Shakespeare's ghost might have stalked; they are in the very character and spirit of such an apparition,—grand, and wild, and strange; there should, however, have been more extent. Stayed before these gray towers till the last twilight.

*Blenheim.*—Lovely day. At eleven, walked through the park. The triumphal arch at the entrance has too much the air of a merely handsome gateway; the convenient division into passages, in the ordinary mode of considerable gates, leaves nothing appropriate to Fame. The view of the park, with the turrets of the palace, of the mass of wood beyond, the verdant sweep of the intermediate ground, that descends to the water, with the water itself and the Palladian bridge beyond, is very striking, a few paces after the entrance. The palace itself, though here seen beyond and over clumps of trees, appears to greater advantage than when more distinctly viewed: its many turrets, now beheld in clusters, have an air of grandeur, which they want when separately observable. As we advance, the groves on the left thicken, and have a forest-like shade; but the view on the rising ground, including the celebrated pillar, is too much broken into parts. Though the ground rises finely, its great flowing lines are spoiled by too many groves; there should have been one or two grand masses of wood, and the rest sweeping lawn. This park is not comparable with that at Knole, either for swell and variety of surface, or for grandeur and disposition of wood; no such enchanting groves of plane, and birch, and oak, as there. But a very grand avenue extends from the Oxford gate to the palace. On entering the garden, of finest turf and shade, pass the east front to the lawn of the back front, opening to a view of distant hills between the high groves. The



back front of the house much the best; more simple, and, seen in perspective, very good. Parterres in the flower-garden, with basket-work round them, in the pretty fashion of the last century in France. Hence through deep shade to the sheep-walk, where the light opens upon the country, and then soon look down upon another bridge and water. This walk continues on the brow, for about half a mile, very sweetly, and leads to a sloping lawn, shaded with the noblest trees in the garden. More struck with this spot than with any, except about the large lake. First, two poplars of most astonishing height, much larger than those in the avenue at Mannheim. At their feet, the light green spray foliage of these deciduous cypresses had a most charming effect. Near the poplars, a lofty plane, but inferior in height. Near this, a surprising Portugal laurel swept the ground, and spread to a vast circumference; a very extraordinary tree for size. Delighted with the steep green slope, the water and bridge below, the abrupt woody banks opposite, and, above all, the grandeur of the shades. Pass the bridge: on the right, the massy rocks of the cascade, but no water; on the left, the water winding beyond the woody banks; a highly-tufted island, with a wooden building near its margin, very picturesque. Over a sofa, in the dining-room, a large family picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The duke seated, and turning to the Marquis of Blandford, when a boy, with an air and countenance in which the nobleman and the good man are blended; more pleasing and dignified than Romney's portrait of him. The duchess, of pleasing countenance, and much sweetness in her eyes. Of the children, the most striking is Lady Charlotte (Nares), five or six years old, playfully holding a mask, and laughing behind it, as she frightens her sister, who draws back in doubt and with some apprehension, but calmly. The figure of Lady C. has all the natural, playful grace of a child, though the attitude is rather over-strained. Vandyke's portrait of Charles the First's Queen is not so fine as his picture of her in the domestic drawing-room at Warwick Castle. It is in the superior colours and expressive drawing of the tapestry, that Blenheim chiefly excels the interior decorations of other great mansions. That in the state room is from Brussels, and most exquisite; presented by that city to the great duke. It entirely covers the lofty walls. Each compartment displays a different siege or battle, is so finely shaded, that the whole seems almost a living prospect, and that you might step into the scene. The figures in the foreground are nearly as large as life, and chiefly portraits: they are admirably grouped, and the action not only spirited and natural, but often full of character. The duke is always on horseback, and has the same air of countenance—attentive and eager; the features somewhat thin. The face of a French spy, under examination before the duke, is admirable—watchful, sedate, and firm. In the next compartment is a very spirited figure of Lord Cadogan, on horseback, his hat held off at arm's length, receiving orders from the duke. His eagerness, proud submission, and impatience to be gone, while he bends to listen, and can scarcely rein his impatient charger, are all conspicuous. His faithful dog that would be near him in every battle, and that returned safe home at last, is waiting beside him.

The posthumous works of Mrs. Radcliffe

are altogether a valuable acquisition to the national literature. The romance, if not so extensive in its story as the *Udolpho*, the *Italian*, or the *Romance of the Forest*, has obtained strength by its concentration, and, in its subject, is more solemn and touching than the others. Her poetry is decidedly superior to the occasional verses in her former romances; and her journals, as we have already said, contain a very happy union of truth, grandeur, and poetical detail. As long as any memory lasts of the melancholy ruins of Kenilworth—of the regal state of Windsor—or of the lordly scenes of Warwick, Knole, Penshurst, and Blenheim, these eloquent expositors of them will also endure.

## SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

*Passatempo Morali: ossia Scelta di Novelle e Storie Piacevoli, da Autori celebri Inglesi e Francesi, tradotte ad uso delle Giovani Studiose dell' Italiana favella.* Fscp. 8vo.

THIS unpretending little volume has, we think, succeeded in attaining a not unimportant object—that of furnishing to the youthful students of Italian literature a series of tales, interesting in the quality of their subjects, and useful in their moral tendency. That there has existed abundant cause for desiring the appearance of something of this nature, will be at once apparent to all who consider the extreme license of expression and sentiment which prevails, for the most part, in the native Italian tales, and the long hackneyed repetition of those few which are exempt from this reproach. Where the fountain is corrupt, its effects must be unwholesome. The main portion of the stories extant in Italian can hardly admit of perusal with impunity to the morals of young females. To have translated, therefore, into Italian soil, some of the purest flowers from the fields of English and French literature, (which has been done in the volume before us) is an act that surely merits some share of commendation. As for specification of contents, it may suffice to mention, that among the stories presented in this new garb, are those beautiful pictures of humble life—"The Widow and her Son," and "The Broken Heart," from the *Sketch Book*; and the interesting little tale of "La Roche," from the writings of Mackenzie.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, May 26.

BARON CUVIER has published, in the new edition of Buffon, the first volume of the History of the Progress of the Natural Sciences from 1789 to the present day. To mention the name of Baron Cuvier, is to name the first naturalist of the age, whose profound learning is only equalled by his varied talents and brilliant eloquence: the public, therefore, waited with anxiety for the appearance of the Supplement to Buffon, which should bring down the natural sciences to the present period. No man was more capable of executing the task than M. Cuvier, perhaps none so able: if then he has not done all that was expected of him, it is his own fault entirely. Every person who writes for the public contracts an obligation with that public to do his best; and M. Cuvier has not done so: I do not by this intend that another would have done better, perhaps not. M. Cuvier is aware of the imperfection I allude to, and in the advertisement attempts to disarm criticism. He says, under the name of the editors:—

"This first part of the History of the Pro-

gress of the Natural Sciences, which comprehends the period from 1789 to 1808, was composed about the latter period. This is a point which it is important not to lose sight of; for several of the facts or principles then announced as new or incontestable, have since experienced notable changes. Thus this part only presents the state of science at the period in which it was composed. In a second part, each of the branches of the physical sciences will be taken at the period and in the state it is left in this volume, to display the new facts which have enriched and brought it to the state of perfection in which we see it at present."

No stronger condemnation need be passed on the work than these few lines of the author; he publishes ideas obsolete or false, and indicates them, where they are to remain fixed in the mind until it pleases M. Cuvier to give us the second part, which is to overturn the reasoning of the first.

This is playing with the public—it is unworthy of M. Cuvier. In 1808, his work would have been admirable; it would have added to his reputation. In 1826, it has no longer the same claims to our esteem, for he has not even given himself the trouble of pointing out in a note such of the theories as are imperfect and false; whereas it would have given him very little trouble to embody the new facts and corrections, and thus present a work worthy of his great name.

The biennial Exhibition of the Fine Arts of the present French school will not take place this year. Various reasons are attributed as the cause; the true one I believe to be, that, from a thorough knowledge of the pictures intended to be exhibited, it was considered more honourable and advantageous for the character of the French school, that there should be no exhibition this year. The rooms at the Louvre are spacious; and it would be no credit to France to see a pretence at an exhibition, by filling the walls with pictures which do no honour to the artist. There are, however, enough of good ones to form a private exhibition; and I congratulate the artists on the happy and generous idea of exposing their works in the *Salle de Lebrun*, for the benefit of the Greeks. Thus, while in England the poor Greeks have been tricked out of the amount of their loan, all classes in France rival each other in efforts and ingenious devices to increase the funds of the Greek committee of Paris.

The exhibition I allude to, is composed of many very good pictures of living French artists; and is frequented by crowds.

At the sittings of the Academy of Medicine on the 23d instant, M. Adelon read his report on the new method of administering medicines of M. Lesieur. It is found, that in many cases the introduction into the system by the skin, is preferable to that of the stomach. For this purpose, a blister is applied to remove the epidermis, and then the topical application of the medicament, which is thus easily absorbed: thus the acetate of morphine so applied cures chronic catarrhs, which the introduction of the medicine into the stomach never does. The discovery is considered very important; and the memoir of M. Lesieur is ordered to be printed.

M. Piorry presented some observations tending to shew the efficacy of cupping in the case of stings of vipers, &c.

The lovers of the melodrama are on the tip-toe of expectation for *Frankenstein*, which Mr. T. P. Cooke is getting up here at the Port St. Martin: but if they go on as they do, the last day will arrive before the creation. The

delays and difficulties that Mr. Cooke has to contend with, are beyond all conception.

A singular coincidence, which makes much noise, has just taken place. The Israelitish money-changer at the Palais Royal, Joseph, was attacked last December in his shop, and severely wounded, by two Italians, who stole several rouleaux of gold coin. They were taken, tried, and found guilty. Joseph had a presentiment that he should die before his assassins; this idea never quitted him, even though he was quite recovered of his wounds. Yesterday was the day appointed for the execution. Joseph appeared in perfect health—when he heard a person crying the bills of the execution of the two malefactors, which was to take place at four o'clock; this was about ten in the morning; he suddenly fell ill, and expired in half an hour. This will be a topic of conversation for the superstitious for the next fortnight.

#### DUBLIN NEWS.

*The Royal Hibernian Academy—Miss Forde.*  
May 23d.

LAST week, the Royal Hibernian Academy opened to the public its first Exhibition of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture. The want of such an institution as this has long been felt in the Irish capital, along with the loss of patronage caused by our absentees—even Macculloeh himself, I believe, would not venture to assert that their remaining in France and Italy could be beneficial to the native artist.—Irish painters, sculptors, *et hoc genus omne*, have long had, to deplore the want of any established mart for the exhibition or sale of their productions. An eminent architect, Mr. Johnson, perceiving and lamenting this want, erected, at his own expense, a very beautiful building in one of our new streets (Lower Abbey Street), which he has presented to the Irish artists. Such patriotism should not pass unnoticed—it should not, at least, be permitted to pass without the slight remark which empty praise can confer upon it. A charter has also been procured; and, in imitation of your Royal Academy, the Irish artists are now organised and admitted members, when their industry or talents entitle them to the honour of being enrolled. The first exhibition has astonished our connoisseurs. A vast number of highly-finished busts, from the hands of Kirk and other sculptors, have been produced; and some paintings, which we do not think would shame even the works of the London Academy, have been produced by Oregon, Rothwell, Thompsons, Thomas and John, Mulrany, Cooley, Lover, Robertson, &c. &c.: most of them very young men.

A young lady from our theatre, of the name of Forde, will soon appear at the Haymarket. We have strong hopes of her becoming a decided favourite with the London audience. Z.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES. SOCIETY OF ARTS, &c.

On Monday the annual distribution of the premiums awarded by this Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, took place in the King's Theatre, which, in spite of very wet weather, was filled by a multitude whom the occasion interested. The general effect of every part of this splendid house, pit, boxes, stage, and the front of the gallery, being crowded, chiefly by well-dressed females, was very striking; and not the less so in consequence of so many young minds being deeply concerned in the proceedings of the day.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, President, was in the chair; and delivered the medals and purses with his accustomed good sense, when remarks were necessary, and his accustomed pleasantness and politeness throughout. At first, Mr. Aikin read an address on the purposes of the Institution, and the progress which had attended the cultivation of several of the branches which it was its object to cherish. His Royal Highness then presented the honorary and pecuniary rewards *seriatim* to the various candidates, a hundred and twelve in number. The opening was made somewhat ludicrous by a silly fellow who got a silver medal for inventing a pair of sheers for making tags for laces, and who thought himself qualified to tag a nonsensical speech to the description of his instrument, which he pronounced in the style of a field preacher. After this exhibition, every thing went on with due decorum; and it was quite delightful to see modest merit in humble life, and grace and beauty in many a youthful aspirant, approach to receive this public testimony to their deservings.

We did not observe any remarkable improvements among the mechanical and other scientific articles; though some of them seemed to possess considerable ingenuity. In the polite arts also, very fair promise was displayed. In manufactures, the principal encouragement was bestowed on the making of straw plat of various sorts; and, in commerce, to the importation of cocoa-nut oil. Altogether, the scene was extremely gratifying, and completely justified the opinions of those who think that too much publicity cannot be given to the doings of institutions of this description. It must operate as a strong incentive to emulation; it must conduce to just decisions; and it is far more congenial to the spirit of England than hidden committees or closely incorporated bodies. The latter may be well or ill, and no one knows which they do: but what is openly brought before the world, as in this instance must be obvious to canvass on its own merits, and is therefore more likely to be well conducted.

#### PAPER CLOCKS.

AMONG the recent inventions which have sprung out of the ingenuity of our Parisian neighbours, is a curious one of making clocks of paper. These *cartologes, ou pendules en carton*, are asserted to be an improvement on metallic machinery. They never require oil, are wonderfully light, very simple in their movements, and possess (the maker says) many other advantages. A friend of ours, who has seen them, informs us that they are really capital things, go well for thirty hours without winding up, and cost only fifty francs.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, May 27.—On the 15th instant the Rev. R. Clayton, of University College, was admitted to the degree of Master of Arts; and on the same day the Rev. P. Thornton, M.A. of Clare Hall, Cambridge, was admitted *ad eundem*.

The prizes for the year 1826 have been awarded to the following gentlemen:—

#### CHANCELLOR'S PRIZES.

*Latin Verse*.—"Montes Pyrenæi."—Francis H. Leighton, Demy of Magdalen College.

*English Essay*.—"Is a rude, or a refined age, more favourable to the production of works of fiction?"—Geo. Moberly, B.A. of Balliol College.

#### SIR ROGER NEWDIGATE'S PRIZE.

*English Verse*.—"Trajan's Pillar."—Wm. Walter Tireman, Commoner of Wadham College.

#### DR. ELLERTON'S THEOLOGICAL PRIZE.

*English Essay*.—"The operation of human causes only will not sufficiently account for the propagation of Christianity."—Rev. Thomas William Carr, B.A. of Brasenose College.

We hear that the last-mentioned essay will be read in the course of the ensuing week in the Divinity School, on the day which the Vice-Chancellor shall appoint.

On Thursday last, the 25th inst., the following degrees were conferred:—

The Rev. C. H. R. Rodes, M.A. of St. John's College, Cambridge, admitted *ad eundem*.

*Bachelor in Civil Law*.—Rev. D. Williams, Fellow of New College.

*Masters of Arts*.—Rev. H. Stowell, St. Edmund Hall; W. M. Caldecott, Oriel College; Rev. H. W. R. Michell, Scholar, J. D. Ward, Trinity College; C. S. Flood, Wadham College; Rev. J. Bealy, Fellow of Balliol College; Rev. J. Hewlett, Worcester College.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—R. S. Kay, Corpus Christi College; T. Pitman, Wadham College; J. U. Scobell, Balliol College; Grand Compounders: E. New, St. Mary Hall; R. Rawlins, Magdalen Hall; J. Salmond, R. Kilvert, Oriel College; R. Whitlock, Lord Crew's Exhibitioner of Lincoln College; I. Williams, Scholar of Trinity College; J. Thomson, C. D. Stewart, University College; R. Rees, Scholar of Jesus College; C. Lushington, Student, R. Shaw, Christ Church; W. P. T. Wickham, T. P. Holdich, Balliol College; W. H. Edmedes, Merton College; T. A. Powys, Fellow of St. John's College.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### EXHIBITION.—ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE Antique Academy, with its miscellaneous performances of paintings and drawings, miniatures and enamels, can hardly be said, in consequence of its ill-constructed, or rather ill-arranged specimens, to display a fair example of any one branch, or to afford an opportunity of pointing out a few among the many productions worthy of attention.

Among the enamels, Mr. Bone's are eminently conspicuous: his copy (430) of *Diana and Actæon, after Titian*, is a successful example of his powers, and a faithful copy of the splendid original. In the same walk of art, are some very clever specimens by Murphy, T. Roth, and W. Essex.

439, 447, and 536, exhibit the talents of G. Jones, R.A. to singular advantage, in a class of art of the highest character; and we are rather surprised that subjects like these, full of sublime imaginings, should be confined to drawings, and not sometimes transferred to canvass. The reason, however, may be too apparent—in oils they would be little felt, and less encouraged.

The drawings by A. E. Chalon, particularly 446, *A Family Group*, is a most brilliant example of the taste and talent seen in all his productions.

The miniatures of the present year hold as high a rank for skill and execution as at any former period; but their number, and clustering situation, renders it impossible to do justice to their various claims. Our particular notice was obtained by those of Mrs. J. Robertson, Misses L. and E. Sharp, Mrs. Green, Mrs. Mee, A. E. Chalon, G. Hayter, A. Robertson, S. J. Rochard, S. P. Denning, J. Ferriere, W. J. Newton, and M. Houghton.

The Fruit and Flowers are principally from the pencils of Mrs. Pope, Mrs. D. Dighton, Madame Comelene, and Miss E. E. Tomkins. The Birds of A. Pellecier form a very attractive feature in this medley room.

Among the Views and Landscapes of superior merit, we may specify 541, of *Italian Scenery*, by R. R. Reinagle, R.A.; 556, *A*



*Snow Scene.* W. Westall, A.; 528. *The Devil's Bridge.* W. Delamotte; 478. *Cardiff, South Wales.* W. Lewis; and 481. *Warwick Castle.* J. Walker.

Of the Paintings in this room, few are of a character to attract our remarks. Several, however, we should have been glad to have had an opportunity of examining; but they are out of reach, and almost out of sight. We allude to 482, a *Caravan passing the Desert overtaken by a Sand-storm.* The picture is painted by S. Pether, for Sir John F. Leicester; and we may so far credit the skill of the artist, as to believe that the first patron of British art, as well as one of its best judges, gave the commission to an individual who was competent to execute it ably.

Mr. Sharp's 551, *The Arrival of the Calais Steam-boat, &c. &c.*, is equally lost by its situation; yet, from the merit of his pencil, as well as the capabilities of the subject, we imagine the public, as well as ourselves, has here also been deprived of a satisfaction.

553, *The Baptism of Christ*, by M. St. John Long, apparently a composition of a high order, is in the same predicament—it cannot be seen.

#### BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE Exhibition of our Native School closed on Saturday the 20th ultimo; and we cannot adduce a more forcible proof of the spreading interest which is felt in England with regard to the Fine Arts, than by stating that the admissions alone for this season yielded the sum of nearly five thousand pounds.

His Majesty's munificent loan of the royal collection from Carlton Palace, for a succeeding Exhibition (to re-open almost immediately), cannot fail to be similarly productive; while it must yield a gratification of the foremost kind to the public. The King, we learn, was the purchaser of the Hogarth lately brought forward at Mr. Colnaghi's: it is a superb specimen of that great British painter.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

"WHEN HUNGER ENTERS, LOVE FLIES OUT."

O SAY not, Love,

When hunger shrinks the cheek,

Flies in an open world,

A wealthier realm to seek!

Content were I

To see the table bare—

Fireless—without a bed,

Wert thou contented there.

A little spot

Within the heart will hold

Love's treasures: majesty

Can reach it not with gold.

'Tis a small star

That lights the dwelling; eyes

Are casements to that spot

In which affections rise.

The storm of care

Subsides with the breathed sigh:

My heart will not be wreck'd

If thou art smiling nigh.

Say not, then, Love,

While Hope remains, can part—

Can yield to famine—Death,

Or separate the heart!

MARIA.\*

\* Maria is so much in earnest, that it would have broken our heart to refuse insertion to her lines.—Ed.

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

PAUL PRY ON HIS TRAVELS.—*Letter IX.*

I WAS the other day asked by a French *savant*, "Pray do your men of learning never travel?—we scarcely ever see any of them. We have abundance of English travellers, but few of them appear to have received a liberal education. I would hold a wager that there is not one in ten of them could say the Lord's Prayer in Latin. Pray, sir," continued my scrutinising friend, "to what class of English society do the travellers belong? You see them promenading through our museums, our libraries, and our gardens, with Galignani's Guide in their hand, give a superficial glance at a master-piece, and pass on, grave as monkeys, to the next object in the order of arrangement, honour it with a look for the same number of seconds, and when they get home to their hotel, boast they have seen all the pictures and the statues in the Louvre; when the only object they recollect in the former, is Drolling's Kitchen; and in the latter, the Boar, of granite—so natural that the dogs used to bark at it." "You are too severe, sir: have you not seen many of my countrymen at the Institute on a Monday, attending the sittings of the Academy of Sciences?" "True, I have; but seldom the same faces twice; they go in at three o'clock, hear Baron Cuvier or Baron Fournier read the *procès verbal* and the correspondence, ask their neighbours which is Laplace or Lacedpede, which Portal or Humboldt, nod thanks for the information, walk round the room, and take their departure, to be no more seen." "I beg pardon, sir, for interrupting you; but will you tell me why the French Academy, the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, and the Academy of the Fine Arts, close their doors against all strangers? I understand it was not always so." "Mr. Pry, you have put a puzzling question; yet I will strive to answer you. The Academy of Sciences admits strangers, because the objects under discussion generally admit of demonstrative proof, whereas, in the other Academies, the imagination holds an equal empire with reason and common sense, and sometimes even triumphs over them; hence it frequently happens that the old proverb is realised of many men, many minds; the discussion waxes warm, and they recollect the expression of Buonaparte, that none ought to wash their dirty linen in public." "I don't understand you, for I see the women wash linen in public daily in the Seine." "My dear Mr. Pry, that is not what the Emperor meant; he wished to impress on the parties, that family quarrels ought never to be heard but by the members of the family, in order to avoid scandal: now, to apply the observation to the point, it frequently happens that there are men of more learning amongst the auditors than amongst the members. If, therefore, a member should happen, as it does sometimes happen, to display a profound ignorance of the subject under discussion, it would go beyond the walls of the Academy, and the whole body would share in the ridicule. It is on this account, that the three Academies are willing to laugh at each other, but very unwilling that strangers should laugh at them; and so they close their doors against the profane." "Well, sir, pray tell me the reason why the Academy of Inscriptions closes its doors; we have a droll story about it in England." "I should like to hear it." "M. Quatremere de Quincy pretended, in his *Jupiter Olympien*, that he had discovered the mode employed by the ancient sculptors to

soften ivory for working, and this was by steeping it in *zodas*, or, in plain English, beer. One day he presented at the Institute a piece of ivory he had softened by sopping it in beer; it was yellow as a guinea, and was passed from hand to hand by the members; on which the perpetual secretary, M. Dacier, turned poet, and observed,

"Il faut le passer,  
Mais pas le cousser."

This produced an effect on the risible muscles of many of the members, which was communicated to the auditory,—and so vexed M. Q. Q., that he was most strenuous for the exclusion of strangers: mind, I do not pledge myself for the acuracy of the conclusions drawn from Dacier's unfortunate distich. It was ridiculous enough; and the learned are by no means disposed to admit a process which would infallibly destroy the beauty of the material; but M. Quatremere is a man of learning, and his *Olympian Jove* a work of profound research.

"You asked me," said I, (coming back to the subject of emigration) "what class of the nation it was who chose to live abroad? In the first place, it is no particular class, nor, indeed, the best of any one class. Many *prominent leur inutilité* abroad, because they have nothing to do at home; a few travel for instruction, and a few for health; some from motives of economy; and many more because they prefer the air of the Thuilleries to that of St. George's Fields. As to economy, indeed, it is all a farce; all the necessities of life, with the exception of fruit and vegetables, are as dear, or dearer, at Paris, than in London. House rent is higher; the table is more expensive, because it is more copious; forage is always dear; good horses scarcely possible to be obtained; and every servant is a rogue, with whom the tradesmen are always in league to plunder you. The late Duke de Feltra, I am told, finding his household expenses to be enormous, ordered every thing to be weighed. It was then discovered that the cook and butcher conspired to cheat the minister. Scales and weights obliged the cook to have recourse to other stratagems, which succeeded for some time: one was, taking out the lead from the bottom of the weights. By this means, every thing that came in was sure to be full weight; unfortunately, sometimes they were over weight. This led to the discovery, and the cook was turned away.

#### MUSIC.

MRS. BLAND, of whom we have heard little for several years, is, we are glad to observe, so much recovered from her severe malady, as to be able to sing in public on Tuesday next, when a concert is to be performed for her benefit at the Argyll Rooms. To hear one of the sweetest ballad-singers of England, would in itself be a great attraction on this occasion; and when we add that the patronage sought is also eminently due on principles of pure benevolence; that the Duchesses of Kent, Northumberland, and Wellington, give their countenance to the meeting; and that much of the musical talent of the country comes forward in the performances,—we are sure of an overflowing audience, and a full purse for our old and delightful favourite.

#### CONCERTS.

MONDAY last was distinguished in the Philharmonic Society by an event such as has not happened during the thirteen years of its existence, and which, on that account, may be said

to form a new era in its history. A grand Orchestral Symphony of a native composer, Mr. C. Potter, was performed for the first time, and received in a manner which must have been extremely gratifying to the author. The directors, in combatting the rooted prejudice against the capacity of British composers in the higher departments of the art, relied, no doubt, on the merit of the composition; and we are happy to say, they were fully borne out in their opinion by the audience. The last movement was, indeed, so loudly applauded, that it remained for a time doubtful whether they desired to have it repeated, or only wished to pay the compliments due to Mr. Potter for the whole. Having bestowed thus much of praise, generally, our desire to be strictly impartial prompts us to recommend to Mr. Potter to endow his next Symphony as liberally as possible with history, or tale, if we may use that term, or whatever may assist the remembrance of it; and also, to regard above all, the unity of design, which young composers so often neglect. To judge by this first production, we are sure the others will not be wanting in spirit, originality, and learning.

In Spohr's Overture *Der Berggeist*, (the mountain spirit,) we perceive, as well as in that to *Faust*, how willingly he would shine with Weber, in the supernatural, the wild, and awful; but we fear he attempts that arduous task with *acquired* talent only. Still, this Overture, considered merely as music for the ear, is an excellent and effective performance.

It is not possible to describe the delight which Mozart's Terzetto, *Mandina amabile*, from his altogether unknown Opera *La Villanella rapita* (which ought so have been stated in the bill), produced on the audience, inimitably as it was sung by Madame Caradori, together with Curioni and Pellegrini: there was no resisting its *encore*. M. Moschelles is so sure and infallible a master on his instrument, that it is sufficient to mention he played his Concerto in G minor, without saying how he played it.

Beethoven's Quintetto in E flat, four violins, &c., by MM. Kiesewetter, Oury, Moralt, Ashley, and Lindley, gave the highest gratification to the audience, and was rapturously applauded. Weber's\* Jubilee Overture, for the first time in these Concerts, was the last, and a very late, performance,—when both players and hearers had had enough of music. It is a fine overture, but must be heard often to be properly appreciated. Beethoven's 8th Symphony has no chance after one has heard his first six.

#### DRAMA.

##### KING'S THEATRE.

THE opera of *Medea* was produced at this house on Thursday, for the benefit of Madame Pasta, and cast with the whole strength of the company: Pasta, Curioni, Caradori, Porto, and Torri, sustained the principal parts. Pasta's acting is, if possible, superior to her singing: both were grand efforts of art. The opera was very favourably received, and the heroine was led on, after the dropping of the curtain, to make her courtesy to a brilliant and fashionable audience.

\* We are sorry to notice, such is the caprice of fashion, that Weber's own concert was wretchedly attended. His health is much affected by our climate; and we understand that he is under medical orders for an immediate return to Germany.

#### DRURY LANE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the failure of *Woodstock*, which was performed the exact number of nights we had predicted, "the Novels and Tales of the Author of *Waverley*" have again been put into requisition for theatrical uses. The piece we are now called upon to notice is entitled a "musical romance;" it bears the name of *The Knights of the Cross, or the Hermit's Prophecy*, and was performed on Monday last, for the first time, with considerable success. The romantic and splendid story of *The Talisman*, abounding in fine and interesting situations, has supplied Mr. Beazley with materials for this drama; and it is but justice to acknowledge that, as far as we can judge, he has performed the task imposed upon him with industry, ability, and taste. All the incidents contained in the original are, of course, not represented on the stage; the interest being confined to the illness of the King—his cure by the disguised Saladin—the mystery attending the Knight of the Leopard, with his love for Edith—the removal of the English banner by Montserrat and his companions—and, as a conclusion to the piece, the ceremonial of its restoration, when the different crusaders are assembled to do obeisance to it, and the offender is detected by the sagacity of Sir Kenneth's faithful dog. In the detail of these events, the author has very wisely, whenever opportunity would permit him, retained the language of the "great unknown;" and, with the exception of a few songs, which are introduced for the sake of diversifying the scene, has added as little as possible of his own—a striking proof not only of his modesty, but of his good sense. The scenery—for a brilliant display of which many occasions present themselves—is altogether by Stanfield and Marinari. With respect to the laborious and unceasing exertions of one of these gentlemen, we have written so much and so often, that the language of panegyric is nearly exhausted, and we must therefore confine ourselves to saying that his "chapel scene in the convent of Engaddi," and his three views of St. George's Mount, by sunset, by moonlight, and by sunrise, are fully equal to the best of his preceding efforts, and richly deserved the applause which was bestowed upon them. Of the other, it is only necessary to observe, that his tents, and his pavilions, and his other scenes, whatever they may be, are just as gaudy, and glittering, and highly-coloured as ever. *Richard of the Lion Heart*, the hero of the drama, was intrusted to Mr. Wallack. It is a character peculiarly well suited to his talents. There is just enough of declamation in it to come within the compass of his ability as a speaker; and a sufficient portion of "gallant bearing" and of spirited action required, to shew that he is, without exception, the best melo-dramatic actor now upon the stage.—Indeed we know of no other performer, either in this or any other theatre, who could have embodied so completely this shewy and arduous character. *The Knight of the Leopard* and the noble *Saladin* were in the hands of Messrs. Bennett and Archer. Perhaps, in both these parts we could have wished for "better men;" but they did their best; and, being the most respectable of the second-rates the establishment can boast of, we do not know, as far as they are personally concerned, that we have any right to find fault with them. Mrs. West looked to great advantage as the *Queen*; and Miss Stephens quite bewitching as the lovely *Edith*. This charming and unobtrusive young lady had only two songs allotted to her, one of

which was encored, and the other, although not honoured with the same distinction, equally deserved it. Mr. Younge, Mr. Mercer, and Mr. Penley, the performers of some other parts, we recommend to the attention of the stage-manager; and we beg to express our earnest wish, that whenever they make blunders, are imperfect in their words, or make the stage wait, as they did on Monday, he will fine them severely. The injury done to the author, and to the theatre generally, by such negligence, is greater perhaps than they are fully aware of. There is yet, however, one performer whom we have failed to notice, and who, setting aside a little over-anxiety, common to young actors, of getting through his business in a hurry, merits our warmest commendations. His name we do not know, but let him be called what he may, he is indubitably one of the most accomplished of the canine species. He has to guard his master's standard—to do battle with more than one antagonist—to be desperately wounded, and carried off in a dying state—and lastly, to accuse and detect the aggressor of the royal banner; and all this he does in the most satisfactory and perfect manner. Some young folks in the dress circle were quite wild with pleasure at the display of his sagacity. The music, which has been selected by Bishop, is of a pleasing nature; and at the fall of the curtain the applause was loud and uninterrupted.

#### HAYMARKET.

A MRS. PINDAR, who has been announced as an actress of some note in the provinces, has appeared at this theatre in *Rosalana*, *Miss Titup*, and other hoydenish characters. She is lively, and not wanting in humorous expression; but she has, at the same time, a great many of the bad habits common to country performers.

Mr. Poole has a new broad farce in rehearsal; the principal character of which is assigned to Mr. Liston.

MR. MATHEWS having added Thursday evening to his announced number of nights, had his *Invitation* fully attended; and took leave of his friends at the close in a way mutually gratifying.

MR. YATES continues his Entertainment yet a night or two.

#### VAUXHALL GARDENS.

THESE gardens have undergone a great change this season, and an immense expense has been incurred in the endeavour to give them a higher character than they before possessed in the scale of public amusements. A noble Concert Room, capable of containing nearly two thousand persons, has been fitted up, and the first musical talents of the country engaged to play and sing nightly to fill it. To mention the names of Braham, Sinclair, Stephens, Vestris, Bishop, Spagnoletti, De Bagnis, Cornega, C. Taylor, Horncastle, Tinney, &c., is sufficient to shew with how much spirit the managers have entered into their new plan. Much of its success, however, must depend on the weather, and as yet it has not been propitious. On Monday night there was an incessant pour of rain; and so impracticable to stir abroad, that it has been good-humouredly reported, only one visitor had paid his money at the door for admittance by eleven o'clock. Conjecture is, of course, afloat on this individual could be: some say, the Stout Gentleman; others a Yorkshireman, who on going back to Doncaster, will be able to brag of the prodigious consideration bestowed upon him in London, where all the greatest singers exerted themselves during

a whole evening to entertain himself alone! On Wednesday, the variable weather though not warm, was rather more favourable, and a number of persons hastened to see the novelty: so that, should we have a fine summer, there may be fair hopes of Vauxhall Gardens becoming a crowded resort.

### POLITICS.

The taking of Bhurtpore, and consequent pacification of all India, is the last good news from that important quarter. Parliament is dissolved, and a new Parliament will be elected forthwith.

### VARIETIES.

Among the literary visitors to London at present is Dr. Martius the Brazilian traveller and naturalist, whose work, in conjunction with the late Dr. Spix, has been repeatedly quoted in our Gazette. This learned person has come to England to cultivate his scientific pursuits; has brought with him a mass of valuable novelties, and will probably go back to Bavaria, equally enriched by acquisitions of natural history from this country.

**South America.**—The *Adventure* and *Beagle* sailed last week on the voyage to survey the coasts of South America. The talents of Captain King, the commander, for a service of this kind are well known; and the vessels are amply provided with chronometers and other philosophical instruments. Of Patagonia and the Terra del Fuego, we know hardly any thing: the only intelligence worth notice respecting these parts, within the last half century, being furnished by Captain Weddell, whose *Voyage* was lately published.

The *Uranorama* at Paris is a representation of the movements and phenomena of heaven and earth: the artist, M. C. Rouy, styles himself *uranographe*.

It is stated in the Newspapers, that Mr. Brown, of whose Gas Engine we rendered an account some twelve months ago, has succeeded in impelling a carriage by gas, at the rate of five miles per hour, up an acclivity of ten inches in ten feet. On level ground, and with the engine in full force, he estimates the power at eight or nine miles an hour.

**African Travellers.**—Major Laing, who is penetrating to Timbuctoo from Tripoli, was on the 27th December at a place called Tuat, whence he was to proceed on the morrow, with a large kafilah of traders, &c. for his destination. A meeting between him and Captain Clapperton in the street of Timbuctoo, the one from the north, and the other from the south of Africa, would be a remarkable event. Major Laing was in good health and spirits.

### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

If we may judge by the accumulation of new and valuable works on our table, we may congratulate the country on the revival of spirit and enterprise in publishing. Being brought more under the notice of the world than any other branch of industry, the share which bookellers have had (in common with all other commercial classes) in the distresses of these times, has been greatly magnified and exaggerated. The consequence was a temporary pause and relaxation; which our weekly lists shew to be now yielding to the sound employment of sound capital, so that the literature of the country need fear no reverse or obstruction. We shall make it our earnest duty to overtake the novelties to which we have alluded as early as possible, and can promise readers that we have a mass of very various and interesting matter to bring before them.

Mr. Lass, author of the "Journey to Rome and Naples," is preparing for the press a History of the Arts of Painting and Sculpture in England, as far as is connected with his own time; detailing their progress for the last twenty-five years; with remarks on the works of the Artists during that period, giving an account of the different Institutions, and drawing a comparison between the British School of Painting and the modern Schools of France and Italy, &c. &c.

### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Continental Adventures, a Novel, 3 vols. post 8vo. 12. 11s. 6d. bds.—Voltaire's *Œuvres* in French, the Greek Language, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Chalmers's *Civic Economy*, vol. 3, 8vo. 9s. bds.—Ventoullat's *French Classics*, Part 19, (Pascal), 3s. sewed.—Bloomfield on the New Testament, 3 vols. 8vo. 2s. 6d. bds.—Lambelle's *Secret Memoirs of the Royal Family of France*, 2 vols. 8vo. 12s. 6d. bds.—Lorenz Stark, from the German of Enzel, 2 vols. 12mo. 12s. bds.—Campan, *Lettres de Deux Jeunes Amies*, foolscap 8vo. 5s. bds.—Index to Names of Places in India, 12mo. 10s. bds.—Alley's *Vindictæ Christianæ*, 8vo. 16s. bds.—Jones's *Attorney's and Solicitor's Pocket-Book*, 2 vols. royal 12mo. 18s. bds.—Cornwallis (Mrs.) on the Lord's Supper, 18mo. 2s. 6d. bound.

### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1826.

May.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday 25	From 48. to 58.	29.74 to 29.76
Friday 26	50. to 53.	29.65 to 29.72
Saturday 27	49. to 62.	29.78 to 29.82
Sunday 28	45. to 68.	29.86 to 29.73
Monday 29	49. to 56.	29.70 to 29.79
Tuesday 30	48. to 56.	29.82 to 29.84
Wednesday 31	49. to 60.	29.87 to 29.85

Wind N. and N.E.—Cloudy, and generally raining; on the 29th, raining incessantly throughout most of the day; frequent flashes of lightning on the evening of the 29th, from the N., N.E., and N.W.

Rain fallen, 2 inches and .15 of an inch; of which 1 inch fell during the 29th.

Edinburgh. Latitude . . . . . 51° 37' 39" N. CHARLES H. ADAMS.  
Longitude . . . . . 0° 31' W. of Greenwich.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are informed that the lines to the Moon which appeared in our last original poetry, were published nearly twenty years ago, and are ascribed to the poetical pen of Mr. Wilson.

### ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

**MR. ARROWSMITH** has just published a New General Atlas of the World, comprehending separate Maps of all the various Kingdoms, with the most recent Astronomical Observations, and with the latest Improvements and Additions. Size of the Atlas, 15 inches by 12, price, coloured, 3s. 3s. for in a superior manner, 4s. 10s. plain, 2s. 10s.

A new Map of Ancient and Modern Greece, in 6 Sheets, 4s. 4s. and a reduced one in 1 Sheet, 14s.

A new Map of the Discoveries in New South Wales, by James Armit, Esq. Surveyor-General of that Colony, in 3 Sheets, 12s. Also,

A new Map of Guatemala, (copied from the Survey deposited in the Archives of that Country), in 1 Sheet, price 3s.

To be had at Arrowsmith's, Soho Square.

A new London Sunday Paper, nearly double the size of

Every Sunday Morning, at an early hour, is published, **THE ATLAS**; a general Newspaper and Journal of Literature, printed on a Stamped Sheet, 3 feet 6 inches long, by 2 feet 9 inches wide, folded into Sixteen Pages. The *Atlas* contains the most complete and accurate list of the names of the *Savants* of the day, and an ample Journal of LITERATURE, both English and Foreign.

Printed and published for and by J. Whitting, at the Office of Messrs. Whitting and Branton, Printers and Engravers to his Majesty for the Prevention of Forgery, Beaufort House, Beaufort Buildings, Strand; where Prospectuses may be had, and Orders and Advertisements are received, and by their Agents, in all the principal Towns throughout the Kingdom.

This day is published, **BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE**, No. CXIII. for June 1826.

Contents:—I. Friendly Epistle to John Bull, Esquire, from one of the Old School.—II. Meg Dods's Cuckery.—III. Wilson's Ornithology.—IV. The Man-of-War's Man, Chap. 30. The Story of Jack Adams (continued).—V. My Dog's Epitaph. By the Subaltern.—VI. Geography of Central Africa.—Denham and Clapperton's Journals.—VII. Map of Africa, North of the Equator, shewing the Course of the Niger, &c.—VIII. Tales of the Wedding: No. 2. A Wedding in Hospital.—IX. Wallachia and Wallachians.—X. Character of Hospital by Liver, translated into Greek. Communicated by Professor Dunbar.—X. Holyrood.—XI. The First of May.—XII. Remarkable Dream.—XIII. Notices Antiquarian: No. 20.—XIV. Monthly Register.—XV. Apocalyptic Frontispiece, &c.—XVI. Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

Printed for William Blackwood, 17, Princes Street, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell, Strand, London.

Price 3s. 6d.

**THE MONTHLY REVIEW, No. VII.**

for June. Contents:—I. The Plain Speaker.—II. The Last of the Mohicans.—III. Banking's Historical Researches.—IV. The Forest Sanctuary, a Poem, by Mrs. Hemans.—V. Godwin's History of the Commonwealth.—VI. The Fanchia Tantra; a Collection of Indian Tales.—VII. Sketches of Portuguese Life, &c.—VIII. The Martyr; by Joanna Baillie.—IX. Fraser's Travels on the Shores of the Caspian Sea.—X. Mrs. Thomson's Memoirs of Henry.—XI. Eliza's Sandwich Islands.—XII. Captain Maitland's Narrative of the Surrender of Buenos Ayres. Together with several Notices of Works recently published.

London: Printed for Hurst, Robinson, and Co., 5, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall.

### An Improved Road-Book.

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**LEIGH'S NEW POCKET ROAD-BOOK** OF ENGLAND, WALES, and PART OF SCOTLAND, on the Plan of Reichard's Itineraries; containing an Account of all the direct and cross Roads; together with a Description of every remarkable Place, its Curiosity, Manufacture, &c. &c. Population, and principal Inns: the whole forming a complete Guide to every Object worthy the Attention of Travellers. Printed for Samuel Leigh, 10, Strand; and sold by all Booksellers.

### An Improved Road-Map.

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**LEIGH'S NEW ROAD-MAP OF ENG-**

LAND, WALES, and SCOTLAND, on which are accurately delineated all the direct and cross Roads, Cities and Market Towns, principal Villages, Rivers, Canals, &c. &c. the whole drawn from the best Authorities, and engraved in a very bold and distinct manner by Mr. Hall. The size of the Map is 30 inches by 20. It will be found a very useful companion to the New Pocket Road-Book.

Printed for Samuel Leigh, 10, Strand; and sold by all Booksellers and Mapsellers.

**LONDON MAGAZINE for June.**—I. Boc-

caccio.—II. Journal of a Traveller on the Continent; No. 4.—III. Woodstock.—IV. Yankee Notions; No. 3, concluded for the present.—V. Duties of Subjects towards their Monarchs, the Austro-Italian Caracchion, amongst which are many Editions of Africa.—VIII. Angeloni on Political Force.—IX. Diary for the Month of May: Mr. Hobhouse's Speech on Parliamentary Reform, John Bull and Mr. Wright, the Chancery Barister; Giordano, Bishop and Weber, French Blunders, Goulburn, the Harmonicon, the Decency of the Newspapers, Mr. T. Campbell's Oratory, Singular Argument in the Common Pleas, American Eloquence, M. Boute and Mr. Tremble, Puff of Mirco, Elliott's Professional Fatigue and Mr. Wallack's Firmness, Vivian Grey and Young Pizarro, Dr. Van Mildert's Health, Entirely French, a Minority of Harlots, Mr. Cooper's Speech, Crichton, Love Letters, Royal Theatricals, Jolliffe, Faust, Debate on the Chancery Commission, King v. Peto, or Modern Architecture—X. Fraser's Travels and Adventures.—XI. Captain Maitland's Narrative of the Surrender of Buenos Ayres.—XII. Matrimonial Gratitude, a Chinese Story, &c. &c.

Published by Hunt and Clarke, Tavistock Street.

Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green's Catalogue of Second-Hand English Books.

This day is published, Part II. price 2s. of **A CATALOGUE OF OLD BOOKS** for 1826, containing a useful Collection of English Works in various classes of Literature, including an extensive Collection of Unitarian Books, which are selling at the low Prices affixed. A few Copies of Part I. may be had, comprising a valuable Collection of foreign Literature, amongst which are many Editions of the Principles of the Classics; Specimens from the various Periods in the Fifteenth Century; also from the Aldine and Elzevir, &c. &c.

Published this day,

**SEMINANTINE SCULPTURES.** Fragments of Sculptured Statues discovered amongst the Ruins of the Temple of the ancient City of Selinus, in Sicily, with Plans and Elevations of the Two Temples to which they belonged, with a Description, &c. by SAMUEL ANGELL and THOMAS EVANS, Architects. Folio, 11. 15s.

Printed by W. and A. Wood, High Street, Bloomsbury.

Reynolds's Life and Times.

On June 12th will be published, by Colnaghi and Son,

**PORTRAIT OF F. REYNOLDS, Esq.** Painted by Raphael Smith, and engraved in Mezzotint by G. T. Dox, Engraver to his Royal Highness the Duke of York; being the First of a Series of Portraits from the above popular Work.

Machinery Distresses.

**THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE for June,** No. 6, (New Series), price Half-a-Crown, contains the following important Papers:—Machinery Distresses, in which the present Distresses in the Manufacturing Classes are considered, and the injurious tendency of the use of Machinery fully explained.—Human Life; a Ballad.—Familiarities, No. III. &c. &c.—Songs of our Fathers.—Remarks on Friendly Societies, with reference to their Effects on the Poor Rates, Parish Relief, Benevolent Clubs, &c. &c.—Stanzas—Stanzas, the Sharp Shooter.—The Forest Sanctuary, and other Poems, by Mrs. Hemans—Galileo and the Copernican System.—New Plan of Codification.—Journal of Childhood.—Love's Light and Shade.—The Seventh Son of the Seventh Son.—Reviews.—Notices of the Theatres.—Exhibitions.—Philosophical, Chemical, and Scientific Miscellanies.—Proceedings of Learned Societies.—New Inventions, Discoveries, and Improvements.—New and Expired Patents.—Lists of Works in the Press, and Works published.—Monthly Medical, Commercial, Agricultural, and Meteorological Reports.—Biographical Notices of Distinguished Characters.—Army Promotions and Gazette.—Anecdotes.—Marriages.—Deaths.—Literary Events in London and the Provinces.—Bankrupts, Dividends, Prices of Stocks, Shares, &c. &c.

Published by G. B. Whittaker, 13, Ave Maria Lane.

Portraits of Female Nobility.

**LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE for June,** in continuation of its plan of forming a Picture Gallery of the Portraits of the British Female Nobility, presents a Portrait of the Right Hon. LADY ISABELLA ANNE BRYDGES, Sister to the Marquis of Waterford, engraved by Thomson, from a Miniature by Mrs. Mee; and also contains two full-length Female Figures, in the most fashionable Costume, appropriately coloured, and 48 Pages of royal 8vo. letter-press. Price 2s.

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